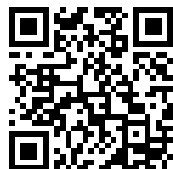


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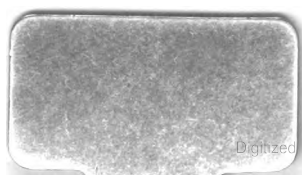
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19.  
Tales for the Million, No. 3. First Series.

# WHICH IS IT?

OR,

## WAR IN THE HEAVENS;

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES  
OF AN  
EXTREME RITUALIST, AND HIS BROTHER PRIEST;  
WHEN

"MAN GOETH TO THE DEEP HEART."

AND THENCE TO

The Sacred Heart.



(ISSUED FOR THE GUILD OF ST. JOSEPH'S INVITATION TO BETHLEHEM.)

BY T. H. SHAW.

*Author of "Holy Church, the Centre of Unity: or, Ritualism Compared with Catholicism; Reasons for returning to the True Fold."*

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“The Catholic Church is as a city to which avenues lead from every side, towards which men may travel from any quarter, by the most diversified roads,—by the thorny and rugged ways of strict investigation—by the most flowery paths of sentiment and feeling ; but arrived at its precincts, all find that there is but one gate whereby they may enter, but one door to the sheepfold, narrow and low, perhaps, and causing flesh and blood to stoop as it passes in. They may wander about its outskirts ; they may admire the goodliness of its edifices and of its bulwarks, but they cannot be its denizens and children, if they enter not by that one gate, of absolute, unconditional submission to the teaching of the Church.”—*Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures.*

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If in the different persuasions the members would only be honest with themselves, and read these Lectures, they could not but see the true light. The reason of the faith that is in man, is here so philosophically, so rationally, so logically, so calmly, and so scripturally delineated, that to unbiassed minds there could be but one result—light and truth ! The many conversions of late years have been, in many cases, great *miracles* of Divine revelation. How many thousands of others might also be annually brought into the Fold if only LAY Catholics would do *their* duty by lending such works to their Protestant acquaintances ; yet apathy and indifference too often prevail among us, where zeal and energy ought to be most active. Reader, how must such thoughts as these, on a death-bed, rack the souls of such on leaving the harvest-field, to render an account of their stewardship ? Remember the ten lepers, how only one returned thanks !

# WHICH IS IT?

OR

## WAR IN THE HEAVENS.

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### Introduction.

THE following Tale suggested itself from the fact of a Catholic having overheard part of the catechising in a Ritualist church, where the clergyman was forcibly insisting that *they* were the true successors to the Apostles. Had he, instead, insisted that they were the true successors to the Babylonians, I should have felt no inclination to comment on the assertion. Gladly would charity have led me to exclaim, "Ignorance is bliss when 'tis folly to be wise." Yet there may be such a thing as *fighting against conviction*. Alas ! those who do so little dream at what a *terrible* cost to themselves they are so acting.

Those who trust in their own eloquence—their natural or acquired abilities—in drawing crowded congregations (being in themselves special targets of assault for the enemy of souls), would do well to study Dr. Faber's "All for Jesus ;" as they would there see how futile are such powers, while running in channels through which unction from above flows not.

As tides increase and swell their boundaries, needing new walls to protect their ever-increasing lines of demarcation, so does the Catholic Church which has been entrusted with the Divine Creed ; not to add to, but to define any dogmas or denounce any heresy in dispute, as the progress of civilisation and culture increase the knowledge of mankind, thus preparing the way, and calling for such elucidation. As the Apostles were in culture uneducated men, though afterwards endued with Divine light, so the sea of to-day was once comparatively a rivulet. Time had a beginning,

but eternity never had ; hence, how manifest the ignorance of philosophers who would dive into the mysteries of God ; and, as the result, would, in their pride and self-conceit, substitute a harlot in the place of the Spouse of Christ. The reasonings and perception of the human heart and mind, when man trusts in his own wisdom, are so meagre, that men *outside* the Church know as little about her true teaching as the chicken in the shell does of the outer world. As the shell need be broken for the one, so must the heart be, by humility, for the other.

However averse people may be to the authority of the Pope, it still being Divine, it will be little satisfaction for them after death to find that they have deceived themselves in life (which, once past, they can never recall), and have thus lost heaven, perhaps, for ever. Again, some people are too apt to take the superstitions of some of the most ignorant Catholics to be the dogma of the Church ; others, to judge of the teaching of the Church, by the practice of some of the lax or profane Catholics, and so rashly to condemn the Church, without in any way knowing Her doctrine. They forget, or they do not know, that the Church is the only Divine Teacher on earth, commissioned to teach ALL nations. She is "the Morning Star" to guide poor travellers home ; not herself subject to the caprice of human wisdom, which is ever changing, as the tides ebb and flow. Those who "hear the Church," do well. Those who will not, when *too late*, will wish that they had done so, when they come to realise their eternal loss. When a merchant goes from home, travelling in foreign countries, he delegates another to superintend his home affairs. The juniors would have no right, in such a case, to appoint another. In like manner our Blessed Lord came and established His Church ; and, before His ascension, delegated St. Peter, and his successors, to govern it on earth, till He should return to Judgment. The Reformers rebelled, and separated themselves ; hence, no logic whatever can prove that they belong to His Church. On the contrary, logic proves them to be antagonists to His Church, with *no* authority. When controversy on Articles of Faith begins, reason fails ; inasmuch as that the human creature dares to invade upon Divine right. God has spoken. Man must *obey*, and not reason. Not only has God spoken, but in loving

mercy He has left man a *living voice* to be heard in His Church, to declare His will. Man's plain and simple duty is to yield unquestioning obedience. Controversy in such matters is heresy in relief. Men know it; yet the love of power and authority over others, whether real or superficial, it is to be feared, induces many to risk their own *souls* for a momentary satisfaction like this.

"Man prideth himself in his own wisdom." We have seen this miserably manifested at a meeting in Bristol, of the English Church Union, whose objects are professedly too pure to admit of irony or sarcasm. A melancholy smile of sadness is at times elicited, when we find such words as the following recorded in the public Press, uttered by men professedly the luminaries of the *world* :— "The last-named gentleman created much amusement by bracketing the Rev. Canon Girdlestone and the Jesuit Father Anderdon (who had given a lecture under the title, 'Is Ritualism Honest?') as their assailants. 'Last night,' he said, 'at a church which was served by the distinguished Society of Jesuits, a gentleman was brought there to make, as he had been making in various places in England, precisely the same sort of attack. There they had Father Anderdon on the one side, and Canon Girdlestone on the other, both to attack the poor Ritualists on the same ground. He would leave those gentlemen to fight it out themselves. He thought this "great revolving light" should go to St. Mary's-on-the-Quay, and the authorities should invite the Father to the Cathedral to enlighten them there.'" Such words ill portray the character of the "hidden life." The one thing most conspicuous in them is, the *lack* of that charity which *alone* characterises unionship with Christ. On the other side, having heard Father Anderdon on that particular occasion, one feels how marked was the contrast! He, who had surrendered all for Christ in "the distinguished," and, I will add, *glorious*, "Society of Jesuits," like his Divine Master, was all consideration and gentleness—no irony, no sarcasm; but, calmly breathing of the Master's spirit, he elucidated indisputably the fallacy of Ritualism. But of some it has been said: "They have ears to hear and hear not, for they are a rebellious house." And who are more rebellious than the Ritualists, who obey no authority? It is a mystery to whom, if any, these gentlemen render "unquestioning obedience." How Saul-like is their present action!

That the tender mercies of God may penetrate their darkened souls is the loving prayer of those whom they hold up to ridicule. As the last stone brought the martyr's crown to St. Stephen, so the time will come when the last sarcasm, the last irony, the last obloquy, will have been cast upon the "Society of Jesus," to whom *they* (the Jesuits) have rendered "unquestioning obedience" in submitting to His Spouse. In that day the works of each will be tried in the fiery furnace, when the pure gold will be separated for ever from the dross—when irony and sarcasm shall give place to despair. Can any Ritualist answer the question, What living voice do you obey with regard to the dogma of the Church of Christ? A little sect, only heard of in the nineteenth century, is vain enough to endeavour to persuade mankind that they, and they *alone*, comprise the true Church of the living God. Without episcopacy to whom they render obedience, without union among themselves, without commission or authority; self-willed, stiff-necked, persecuting the true Church; they claim, each for himself, in diverse degrees, the infallibility which belongs to none save the Vicar of Christ as Head of the Church. While such "false prophets" may gather together the unwary, who have no defined faith, but who, in a spirit of pride and self-confidence, seek ways of their own choosing, the true sheep *hear* their Shepherd's voice amidst all the din and strife of tongues, and are not to be captivated or turned aside by mushrooms such as these. It is in no bitterness, or unkind spirit that I write thus concerning those earnest men with whom I was myself for many years associated, but with the single hope of awakening some at least, of the *most* earnest and thoughtful who are seeking in *humility* to follow their Divine Lord whithersoever He goeth. Inquiry will lead the humble, and these alone will God assist, while resisting the proud. Many years since, a saintly Anglican Priest was asked, by my suggestion, for sound reasons why friends then contemplating the step should not become Catholics. He sent a kind and lengthy letter, ambiguous, such as only Ritualists can concoct, with nothing definite. Not long after, he became a convert himself; and, meeting the other converts who had previously sought his counsel, he expressed his hope that, nothing he had written had deterred them for any length of time. So it will surely be with all the humble followers of Jesus,

who make no will but *His* their own. Many will one day regret the parts they are now playing, in *detering* souls from entering the Fold.

The speaker, quoted above, also observed that, they had had "the misery of hearing some such words as the following from one of the great authorities of the Church :—‘ *That by the Ordination of Priests no supernatural gift, differing either in degree or kind from that possessed by any Christian, was given.*’ The meaning of those words was this—that there was no reason whatever why a Priest should be required to celebrate the Holy Eucharist—why the first layman who chose shouldn’t just as well celebrate the Holy Eucharist. The meaning of those words was even deeper than that ; it meant that those solemn words which were used in the Ordination Service, ‘ *Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God*’—that those words, uttered at the most solemn moment of a man’s life, had no meaning whatever. It meant of course, also, that no Ministry of Reconciliation, no power of binding or loosing, was given to *him*. And who was it that said those words? He had in his hands an extremely valuable book, the title of which was ‘The Power of the Priesthood in Absolution,’ by the Rev. William Cooke, Canon of Chester. Turning to the Appendix he found the following words :—‘*The mysterious power of binding and loosing had reference not merely to the general power of receiving into the Church, or the contrary, but to their disciplinary power over individual members of it, both in respect of the retaining and the absolving of sins.*’ Who uttered those words? The same great personage who uttered those other words which he quoted, namely, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese !” Have not, we ask, *all* the Anglican clergy signed the 25th Article?

With such alarming statements as these officially put forth by the highest authority in the Anglican Church—supported by the united official opinion of the Archbishops and Bishops on confession, the darkness is, indeed, terrible, which prevents these gentlemen from seeing that they are not, nor *ever have been*, in the Catholic Church. If, by the above so-styled “valuable book,” these gentlemen would candidly peruse Cardinal Wiseman’s Lectures, 1836 (which might be had at the Free Library), they could not, with honest minds, remain long in the dark. The longing for Catholic

truth fails in finding it, often for the want of *courage* in submitting to the Catholic Church—want of a thorough *determination* to do right at *any* cost. When this state of heart is attained, then, and not till then, can it be found. Without this, they and their children, from generation to generation, may go on wrangling with a *supposed authority*, and drop singly into their graves, without finding it. In the heretical establishments, where it has no place, it can *never* be found !

Not long since, a Protestant Bishop, addressing candidates for Confirmation, of whom the greater body were Ritualists, strongly warned those whom he was about to confirm, against the teaching of their *own* Clergy (whom, if heretical, it had been his place, as Bishop, to suspend), declaring confession to be repugnant to the teaching of the Anglican Church and 'the Word of God. In the vestry afterwards the Vicar said to him, "Well, my lord, I hope you will fall upon your knees to-day, and implore forgiveness of the sin you have committed,"—a rather strong rebuke from a Priest to his Bishop—quite the reverse to Catholic obedience. Yet of the *two*, the poor State official was the more honest. *He* took the Anglican Church to be, as she is, a Protestant sect—no more *Catholic* than the Bible Christians. The Ritualists are clearly dishonest, and are tampering, unknowingly, let us hope, with their own consciences, in order to retain their position. It is nothing but an insane infatuation which can induce a man to call that Catholic which is not in union with the Centre of Unity.

Though it is a noble spirit which inspires men to cling the closer to Holy Church, when waves of affliction and persecution arise, yet Ritualists ought not to resist the spirit of God, when directing them to inquire *whether they have ever really been in His Church*, lest haply they discover, when too late, that they have been grasping a bubble, which, on being shattered, will explode all their delusive hopes.

## CHAPTER I.

### Dialogue on the Church.

The overheard catechising was commenced by the Clergyman, in purport the very same as the commencement of the following dialogue. Imagination continues the tale :—

*Clergyman.* Now, my dear children, you must ever remember that we are the successors to the Apostles. We are God's Priests over you, to whose instructions you must ever give ready attention. As the Priests, and you as the disciples, you must never question our Catholic teaching, but strictly follow, and with reverence obey.

*Scholar.* But, Father, whom *are* we to obey? When father lived in the parish of ———, the Clergyman (Mr. W.) would not let us call him "Father," and told us that confession was a monstrous sin, and derogatory to God's glory. I remember also he said, with great force, that no change took place at the consecration in the Holy Eucharist, and that those who taught otherwise only taught blasphemous fables and dangerous deceit; and that baptism was a mere form for giving a name, and nothing more.

*Clergyman.* My poor child, it has been your unhappy lot to have been under traitors in the Church, who retain their office only for position, and a comfortable living, while unfaithful in their sacred duties. My brother Priest and myself both teach the *truth*. You must listen to *us*, now you are in our parish; and remember that Judas, though an Apostle, was also a traitor.

*Scholar.* I hope, Father, you will excuse me for seeking information. I feel that it looks like impertinence; yet, Father, to whom could we better go for information than to the successors of the Apostles? And as you and your brother Priest are such to me, now, I feel that you will not think it any intended rudeness.

*Clergyman.* Certainly not, my child. I shall be happy to dispel your fears.



*Scholar.* Well, Father, there are two difficulties I see in your former reply. You say that though Judas was an Apostle, he was a traitor ; but was he, *after* becoming such, allowed still to exercise the apostolic office ? If not, why are those Clergymen still allowed to teach apostasy ? The second difficulty is this. We have been taught to be subject to our Parish Priest ; and next quarter, father's business takes him into a remote parish, where, I have been told, the Clergyman teaches the same as Mr. W. did. *Which*, then, is it that I am to follow ?

*Clergyman.* I shall see you privately, as we cannot spare much time now. However, I will just say, that Catholic doctrine insists upon obedience without questioning. Though you may be in a parish where there is a bad Priest, he, as such, cannot withhold from you the blessings conveyed through the sacraments, whatever his own private opinions may be. You have been privileged in having here been taught Catholic truth by *us*.

*Scholar.* There is some comfort, Father, in what you say about the Clergyman being unable, though a bad man, to withhold sacramental blessings ; but how about confession ? There is one thing besides, however, that puzzles me, when you say that the Church imposes unquestioning obedience. You remember, perhaps, telling us that Priests were subject to their Bishops. Now, from you I have learnt the blessing of confession, yet I saw in the Bishop's Charge, the other day, that it (confession) was repugnant to the teaching of the English Church, and ought not to be taught. And yet every time he ordains Priests he says, "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins *thou dost forgive*, they are forgiven ; and whose sins *thou dost retain*, they are retained." Nothing could be plainer than this. How he can, therefore, condemn confession is inexplicable, and serves only to prove the whole institution to be a combination of confusion, built up upon Protestant heretical theories, separated from the Apostles, and from Jesus Christ, the chief Corner-stone ; and therefore without authority, or sacramental grace. I suppose that your teaching, cannot be *contrary* to your Bishop's, and yet the two seem irreconcilable ?

*Clergyman.* I shall talk to you to-morrow.

*Scholar.* Thank you, Father; but if you will pardon me for saying so, it would be very beneficial to all of us to be truly enlightened, and I may forget all you tell me privately. Only the other day Arthur Beacher, Alice Fairbank, and John Broadshoulders, and several others were talking about these very things; and James O'Liggan said that Popery was only a nickname for the Roman Church. Unquestioning obedience must be very beautiful, and a great saving of perplexity where it exists, yet Michael Scrutiny says it is only to be found in the Roman Church.

*Clergyman.* My dear child, these thoughts and subjects are far beyond the comprehension of children. Some pervert of a Jesuit must have been trying to make shipwreck of your faith. *Unhappily* the State has given us a Bishop who is not orthodox, through defects in early training—fault not his own—hence it is our privilege to correct these unorthodox Bishops, hoping that God, in His own good time, will restore to us the unity of the faith.

*Scholar.* I thought, Father, that unquestioning obedience meant that all should willingly obey those set over them *officially*. In that case your teaching should either correspond with that of our Bishop, or one or the other (whichever is the traitor) ought to be removed; ought it not so to be, Father, if unquestioning obedience is to be rendered?

*Clergyman.* You are talking at random, my child, and do not at all understand these theological subjects. Since our dearly-bought Reformation has extended to her children free liberty of opinion, we, who hold the Catholic faith, have frequently got to correct our State-appointed Bishops in doctrine. You must remember, my child, that difficulties and false prophets will ever be troubling the Church of Christ. Thus it is that He deigns to purify His faith, in the furnace of affliction. Only remain steadfast in what I and my brother Priest have taught you, and our blessed Lord will not forsake His own.

*Scholar.* What does theology mean, Father? I must own that I am not learned, and that the subjects appear very mysterious. I cannot recognise correcting Bishops, in reference to *sacramental doctrine*, as by them taught, to be in unison with “unquestioning obedience.” Did the Apostles convey the power of appointing

Bishops to the different *States*? Timothy Green said that "private judgment" was the sole rule of all English Churchmen.

*Clergyman.* Your questions are harassing, inasmuch as the subjects are so beyond your understanding that I find it difficult to make them clear to your mind. You are guilty of rebellion against God when you listen to, or harbour, such doubts in your mind. I am your Parish Priest, and it is your duty readily to accept whatever I teach, and to repel at once any Jesuitical assaults of the great enemy of souls, as quickly as they arise in your rebellious heart.

*Scholar.* It is only my desire to get to Heaven, Father, that makes me anxious to know what I must do. It is far from a rebellious spirit. I am anxious to do whatever God tells me. And since I became really in earnest on the subject, in reading Church history, I can only trace the English Church to have existed about 300 years, with a very wicked fat king, the first recognised head, and his successors after him.

*Clergyman.* Poor child. This is the way Satan catches many a soul unwarily. Remember, my child, that at my ordination I had the power given me to remit or retain sins, and the special infusion of God's Spirit into my soul, that I might be enabled rightly to discern God's will, and so to transmit His blessings to you and others. You cannot go wrong when attending to my brother Priest and myself.

*Scholar.* Thank you, Father; but did your authority come from that king downwards, or from the real Church which was governed by the Apostles, and which I am told still exists? I ask this as it is the only one in which I could feel safe, as to it alone Jesus Christ promised His continual presence to the end of time.

*Clergyman.* My child, here again, is the spirit of pride and rebellion taking possession of your heart. Think you that I am so ignorant that I have not long since studied all these subjects more fully than you *ever* can? I have not received the Holy Order of the Priesthood blindfolded.

*Scholar.* Forgive me, Father, but I have heard that God deals differently with different souls; that while each *soul* is *separately* watched and called, they are *separately* responsible to *Him*. I remember David saying, "I am wiser than my teachers, because I

keep Thy statutes." It is only to know *His* will that I am now seeking, in order to follow it.

*Clergyman.* You must remember, my child, that pride garbs its poisonous fangs under thousands of forms : that God has placed you under my guidance, and that *I* shall be responsible if I guide you wrongly. You have nothing to do with anyone else but my brother Priest and myself.

*Scholar.* Well, Father, as "private judgment" is our privilege, having so long listened only to the Church of Henry VIII., I shall now study the claims of the Roman Church, and compare them both, as I cannot believe that for 1,500 years, all the souls were lost for the want of a fat king to save them.

*Clergyman.* If you do so, my child, you will be committing a most heinous sin, which neither I nor my brother Priest can see our way to absolve—being so *premeditated*.

*Scholar.* My dear Father, you have so often spoken to me in the most affectionate of terms, and manifested your zeal and earnestness so tenderly and yet so solemnly, that I feel sure that nothing but the most sacred call could induce me to act other than according to your advice; yet I know you would be the last to wish *yourself* to hinder a soul from corresponding to a call from God. Feeling that I am but corresponding to *His* call, I must even hazard results with you. He who alone can call a soul, has the power of setting that soul at liberty. To Him I commit my all, having no other will but His to execute.

*Clergyman.* Well, child, I am sorry to find you so headstrong. Pride always blinds the self-willed, and leads them on to final destruction.

*Scholar.* Inquiry is essential, Father, when the Bishop teaches one thing, and the Priests another, repudiating his teaching, and teach at variance even among themselves. We only want to know to *whom* our allegiance *is due*?

*Clergyman.* You must be well aware, my child, that your amount of learning renders you quite unequal to the task you are so presumptuously imposing upon yourself. These Jesuits will make you believe almost anything, so cunning are they, in captivating the ignorant.

*Scholar.* It is, I trust, with no feelings of pride or self-confidence,

Father, that I am seeking to know to whom my obedience is due ; and without real and true evidence against her, I am not to be shipwrecked in the High Church. But I cannot understand State Bishops, and their mission, to be Apostolical, especially when they and their clergy *differ* so in doctrine.

*Clergyman.* In this assertion, my child, you greatly err. The Bishops, though nominated by the Crown, are duly elected by the Dean and Chapter, who have to be assured of their firmness in the faith, in everything *essential*.

*Scholar.* Your reply, Father, mystifies my confusion even more. Can any dogma belonging to Christ's Church be non-essential? What can be more essential than belief in the Real Presence, Regeneration, and Confession? and yet in each of these you know our Bishop's teaching, and that it differs from your own. And again, was there not a Bishop nominated by the Crown, whom the Dean and Chapter would not elect, because he supported the "Essays and Reviews?" and yet, in defiance, the Crown appointed him; and he has been duly consecrated by some Protestant Bishops! Is not this State appointment? and *is it* Apostolic succession?

*Clergyman.* My child, you are assuming a very high and a very wrong spirit in calling in question such high authorities as these, who have been by God set over His Church, to rule and to govern it. Are you, a poor child, so much wiser than your Priests and Bishop? Be assured, my child, it is only the promptings of a proud and conceited spirit.

*Scholar.* You lay to my charge, that of which I think, I am innocent, Father. I only long to be safe—and *your* teaching has made me look for an infallible Church upon earth, and that I have not, as yet, found. Surely my desire to find *that* you will not call presumption. I am willing and longing to obey, and to be silent; but I only want to know to whom this obedience ought to be rendered.

*Clergyman.* Well, my child, if it were not my great interest in your spiritual welfare, I would not have wasted so many words with you. If your desire *be* simply God's will, and not your own, you will return, in full submission, to my brother Priest and myself. We shall see. May the blessing of God be with you, and

return you to us in the spirit of true humility. Remember one thing, my child: that all pervers are looked upon with scorn, as Judas was when he became an apostate.

*Scholar.* Thank you, Father, I will remember what you say; but if converts are as sincere in seeking Jesus as Judas was in seeking silver, their end cannot be like his. The scorn in which their old friends will look upon them, will be, I should think, their helping in carrying the cross up to Calvary; in which they would but glory in being counted worthy of following their Divine Lord.

*Clergyman.* Make haste home, children, and be in time for the evening service. Henry, mind that the candles are all trimmed in time, and properly arranged. *Exit children.*

*Clergyman (turning to Scholar).* Now, the others are gone, I would warn you, my child, of your danger. I observed that where I spoke to you of *pervers* you substituted the word *convert*, which has a very opposite signification. To understand the conduct of Judas, you should put yourself back to the dark ages in which he lived. Though he, for silver, sold our Blessed Lord, many have similarly acted, by indulging in their own self-will in opposition to the authorities which He has placed over them.

*Scholar.* I am indeed grateful to you, Father, for so kindly trying to allay my wretched convictions of error, which are very dreadful, and which are rendered still more harrowing from the great difference between our relative positions. I have sometimes felt that it must be pride which has induced me to presume to reason with one so learned, and so good as you, Father. But the more I pray for humility, and a right judgment, as to what *is* my duty, and *God's* will, so much the *more* do I feel *compelled* to seek more earnestly true enlightenment. I always thought that pervert meant one who for gain or fear deserted the true religion of God; and that convert meant one who, from no fault of his own, having been brought up in a false, or no religion, embraced the true religion of Jesus Christ.

*Clergyman.* You give a fair idea of the two words "pervert" and "convert," my child, although these words are not confined always to religion only. But you, having always had the privilege of being brought up in the true religion of Jesus Christ, would, of course,

become a *pervert* if you left it to embrace another ; as my brother Priest and myself have always taught you all. You have no reason for doubting.

*Scholar.* After reading about the Reformation, Father, and the wicked acts of King Henry, I have indeed felt grave doubts as to the manner in which the Reformation was carried out. I do not say that there was no fault in the Roman Church at that time, which needed reform ; but I find that “ Defender of the Faith ” was a title given to Henry for defending the Apostolic Church, and was given even *by* the Pope. The title is still kept by the Crown, for defending the very *opposite* to that for which the Pope bestowed it. This is irreconcilable. Besides, when I look at this *pure* Church in which the Bishops teach at variance with the Clergymen, almost each of whom also teach differently, it appears to me to be such a muddle of confusion, that no really earnest soul in it can possibly find out *what* God wills him to believe. I am not calling in question the sincerity of your convictions, in realising my own individuality before the throne of God, to whom alone I shall be answerable.

*Clergyman.* I can appreciate your misguided zeal, my child, but I would have you remember that the wiles of Satan are very numerous, and that to tender consciences they are particularly great, in seeking to allure them from “ the faith of our fathers.” There are various accounts of the Reformation. History, both Roman and English, give each diametrically opposite accounts. And even the Romans themselves give a very dark account of the state in which the Roman Church was at that period, and before ; which necessitated very decisive action to eradicate error, abuse, and superstition. It needs a wiser and a more learned head than yours, my child, to discern which authors are reliable, and which not so. That the Church of God suffers violence at the hands of our State-appointed Bishops, is one of the trials she has to endure while in a state of transition, yet He who reigns “ above the water-flood ” alone knows how to bring good out of evil. We must trust in Him who governs all things, instead of rising in rebellion at the trials He imposes upon us, in trying our faith.

*Scholar.* You speak very nicely, Father, and with powerful reasoning. If I could only feel myself *in* the Church of God,

I could readily submit my own will and reasoning in all things. I am only longing to feel assured that I am really *in* His Church ; and when convinced of that, I shall never harbour a doubt, but will gladly yield unquestioning obedience. Your kindness, Father, induces me to intrude my ideas as to what you have said, beyond my comprehension. I can understand error, and abuse, and superstition having crept into the Church, by coldness and laxity, and even by bad Priests (as there are in our own Church) ; but to rectify this, would not justify our leaving the Church of God, to establish a schism, which, it seems to me, those who established the Reformation have actually done. It was St. Peter's place to correct these errors if they existed, as to him was the power once and for ever entrusted ; and from what I have read, this he seems to have done, and that the Church still exists, cleansed and purified ; but that the wicked people who loved the world, and hated the restraint of Church discipline, and authority, started, what they called a Reformed Church, in order that Henry might satiate his wicked passions, and the people indulge in all kinds of profligacy on the spoils of the Church, which they ruthlessly robbed, even of the sacred vessels, as well as lands, churches, and other property of all kinds. Surely a separation from that Church in which the presence of Jesus Christ was for ever guaranteed, must be a dreadful sin. They cannot possibly have His real Presence ; and hence doubts and misgivings must be ever presenting themselves to those in real earnest about their souls ; because they cannot understand why it is that St. Peter does not, through his successor, appoint the real Bishops, as such only could have Apostolic authority for guiding the Clergy when they begin to teach contrary to each other. And again, when you speak of the Church as in a state of *transition*, I am *fairly lost*. Can the Church be in an uncertain state ? What becomes of souls who pass away during this reign of darkness ? Can it be possible that God ever left the world *one day* without His own appointed and infallible voice being able to be heard when required ?

*Clergyman.* I see, my child, you are sadly entangled in subjects far beyond the scope of your understanding, which, with a biassed inclination, may prove a snare to one so full of untempered enthusiasm ; yet I do not despair of allaying your groundless fears,

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if only you will prayerfully attend to my brother Priest, and myself. But as the bells are going, we must prepare for evensong.

*Scholar.* One word ; I saw in my prayer-book, Father, that at the Ordination of Priests, they vow obedience to their Bishops, as set over them, to direct and guide ; yet there are no Bishops who teach Ritualism. On the contrary, the Bishop of this diocese forbids Confession, and "Masses"; but still, in opposition to their Ordinary, the Ritualists continue to teach both. Is this honest ? Is it unquestioning obedience ?

*Clergyman.* When Bishops are unfaithful, my child, it places Priests in the unhappy position of resisting, what to you seems like, their lawful commands.

*Scholar.* Then, Father, there ought to be a Head to rule all such Bishops ; which the English Church has not. Besides, all the Clergy give their assent and consent to the 39 Articles pledging obedience to them. Now, in the 31st Article all "*Masses*" are called "*blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits.*" Yet you say "*Mass*" and call it by that *very* name. How can this be reconcilable with your reception of the articles ?

*Clergyman.* You do not understand these matters, my child ; neither is it your place to inquire into them.

*Scholar.* Perhaps not, Father, yet I feel it is my place to seek for a Church that *has* a Head, and is in unity in doctrine, which the Roman, seems to have, and to be.

*Clergyman.* I shall go more fully into these subjects, my child, when we have more time, but we cannot stop now.

*Scholar.* Thank you, Father, but I would ask you just to remember one thing. You Priests, when once inducted into your benefices, can carry out your own convictions, without contradictions constantly arising ; but we, poor people, are constantly obliged to move about into other parishes, where *contradictory* doctrines are disseminated most freely. When I told Mr. W. I wanted to go to Confession, calling him "Father," he was very angry, and called me something like a fool. He would not listen to me. Some days after this, he told me to call at his house, and in unmeasured language, told me that I had been taught Popery, by some Jesuit ; but that as *he* was my Parish Clergyman, I was bound to obey his teaching. He then asked by what authority

was one priest greater than another? I was fairly puzzled to know which was right. I could not adopt the Apostolic injunction here "to be all things to all men." He could never have meant that I should hold Catholic dogma in one parish, and in the next flatly deny it; as that would be "being carried about by every wind of doctrine." I exclaimed in despair, "Oh! for Catholic faith—for Catholic unity—*whither* shall I go?"

## CHAPTER II.

### Inward Conflict.

“Oh! for Catholic faith—for Catholic unity—whither shall I go?” These words were ever ringing in the ears of the Priest during that whole service, and he was not a little pleased at remembering that his brother Priest had to preach that evening instead of himself. Had it been his own turn, it is more than likely he would have burst out more than once with the exclamation, “For Catholic faith—for Catholic unity—whither shall I go?” The melancholy force with which these words had been uttered had driven them deeply into his soul, and had awakened a chord there, of some latent truth hereafter to be developed. To have called in question the validity of his Orders (?) would, in his estimation, have been mortal sin. And the idea of a poor Sunday-scholar of his own, convincing *him* (his Parish Priest) of the error of his position, would have been ridiculous and humiliating in the extreme! And yet he felt a hazy, mysterious uneasiness, which he dared not even confide to his brother Priest, whom, for convenience, he had made his confessor.

The clergyman himself was a devoted, earnest, hard-working man, incessantly labouring for the good of his people. He was a preacher, too, of some renown; his sentiments, vivid and heart-spoken, coming home to the hearts of his hearers with potency and power, not often to be rivalled. His habits humble, and his austerities and fastings, with himself, severe, whatever his conduct to others. He had established in his parish the “Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament,” besides guilds of different kinds, for linking together the younger members of his flock. In fact his whole soul was in, what he believed to be, his work, as a devoted Parish Priest. He was a staunch supporter, too, of the English Church Union. And, as regarded himself, felt that a Priest was married to his Church, and ought never to be fettered with any other partner,

who might prove to him a stumbling-block in the performance of his sacred functions.

But when this last question had so touched him, he felt keenly the force of the interrogation. "What right had *he* to say that *he* was a Catholic Priest, who taught the Catholic truth; but that those, ordained by the same Bishop, equally zealous, but in an *opposite* direction, were not teaching Catholic truth?" Then, when he reflected that even his own Bishop taught contrary to that which he himself taught and believed—having more than once, so to speak, growled at him for his recalcitrancy—how could he reconcile all this with *Catholic unity*—such an *essential* mark of the *Catholic Church*? Could it be possible that he himself countenanced the principle of "private judgment" in his own actions; and yet, what else could it be, when he found himself at variance with the united Episcopal Bench, and three-fourths of the clergy?

Again, while ruminating over such incongruities, seeking how to adjust such apparent anomalies in so serious a matter—where the eternal destiny of souls was concerned—he felt the dread fearfulness of delusive reasoning. The very term Catholic, condemned his own teaching, as he felt that, to be Catholic, the same teaching should be found everywhere the *same*, and not in his church one thing, and in that of Mr. W—— the very opposite; which latter, moreover, received the approbation of his Diocesan! By what logic, human or divine, could he make his own position really tenable? If a man, he reasoned to himself, brought to him a silver snuff-box and told him it was a *wine-glass*, he might tell him so, with all the persuasion possible, but he could not make him *believe* it. "Here," he reflected, "is the difficulty with my scholar. I have told him that the English Church is *the Catholic Church*; he has *demonstrated* that she is not so. I must, indeed, myself search more deeply into this subject. *Terra firma* is as needful for myself as it is for my poor scholar (and much more so, as I take upon me to *guide* souls)."

With such thoughts as these, it was later than usual when he retired to rest that night. He was up, as usual, to celebrate his 8 o'clock "Mass," as he called it. His brother Priest was alarmed at his haggard appearance and unusual dejection, and asked him the cause. He simply replied that he had not slept well. His brother

Priest, who slept in the adjoining room, remarked, that very early, before dawn, he had heard him crying out loudly, "For Catholic faith—for Catholic unity—whither shall I go?" And though he knocked at his door, he made no reply; therefore, concluding that he had been dreaming, he returned to his own room again. He simply smiled, as they both approached the vestry-door.

That night had, indeed, been to him a most eventful one; he had seen opened before his gaze the purgatorial fires of the *redeemed*, one touch of which was ten thousand times more intense than any fire or suffering of any kind upon earth. He beheld approaching the entrance-gate, one who seemed spotless and pure. In his dream he addressed him thus: "Holy soul, what hast thou to do in such fires as these?" The soul returned for answer: "No soul, having beheld the love, and surpassing purity of the Sacred Heart, in the first judgment, could endure heaven without the purifying furnace. I have been, while on earth, one of the Religious, who practised the greatest austerities, though my worldly riches were immense, had I chosen to accept them. In my brotherhood I was counted a saint; yet, having beheld that Sacred Heart opened, I fell prostrate and hid my face in adoration, and winged voluntarily even, my flight to the purifying furnace. Detain me not, I yearn to be lost in that Sacred Heart." He heard no more, but beheld the winged one flying down deeply, till lost in the flames of Purgatory. Though the suffering there was intense beyond conception, there were no groans, no expressions of suffering, but a willing yielding, if not a longing, in devoted love to endure all. LOVE was the king of Purgatory, and none seemed to enter against their will: so overpowered with the love of the Sacred Heart had each become, that no trace apparently remained of the nature we *call* human.

As, wrapt in holy awe and deeper contemplation, he next beheld, as he imagined, an aged soul—one who bore traces of many an earthly struggle; with furrows deep and severe, manifesting the deadly conflict of the interior life, while yet beating about upon the tempestuous billows of a world engaged in conflict and cares *other* than those of the Creator who had formed it for the glory of His own eternal Majesty. In his dream he approached to question that suffering soul, but himself became speechless. The aged

Priest (for such he had been) gazed intently upon the visitor, and said : " Friend, thou art speechless, for no one dare speak to those *in* Purgatory and live. Before my conversion on earth, while yet in doubt, I taught the souls in my then charge, that heresy was Catholic truth. I endeavoured to make it so. I wished it so to be. I had sisterhoods supported by my own exertions and my own means, and innumerable institutions of charitable descriptions, as I *vainly* imagined ; and thought myself heroic in my labours and undertakings. My life of poverty, and, as I thought, *real* humility, was passed in strict observance of fasts and austerities, until at length, becoming convinced, I surrendered all, submitting to the true Catholic Church, of which unutterable treasure our forefathers had robbed us. In my old age, unworthy as I was, I was honoured with the real Priesthood. Thus I ended my days in that holy office, in joy and peace. Yet, when summoned to the first judgment, the glorious brightness and burning love of the Sacred Heart, whose glance of tenderness I dared not behold, showed me—not as mortal to mortal would show, but clear as a sunbeam—my sins, *pardoned*, on one side ; and on the other, souls lost through *my having taught heresy* ; and thousands consigned to *great lengths* of suffering through the *same cause*. My soul, speechless at once, readily winged its way to these blessed purifying flames, when, after nearly 1,000 years, I am on the eve of returning for ever, to reign in that loving and Sacred Heart. Oh, that men but knew the meaning of LOVE, and ETERNITY, and the INTENSITY ! " Here his wings expanded ; and as I gazed, he passed beyond my vision, when for half an instant I heard, as it were, a shout of joy, and unearthly music, which must have announced his safe arrival to the unknown joys of the Sacred Heart. *Deo gratias*.

Then, struck with amazement, still gazing upwards, he beheld an angel approaching to where he stood. He trembled before that heavenly messenger, but was powerless to move. " Poor child," said a lovely voice, " If you yearn for the treasures to be found only in the Sacred Heart, I would have you remember that all He claims is the heart—nothing more ; yet this involves everything. Have no will but His, no desire but His, amidst all the contentions and strife of tongues in yonder lower world ; keep thine eye single ; count *nothing* a sacrifice in yielding loving and

joyful obedience, in corresponding to *that* love which has made you free. Ten million years in Purgatory, would be less than a second of time compared to eternity ! Many a "*counted*" saint upon earth is doomed to eternal fire. Sanctity is only known when brought before the Sacred Heart—so deceitful is the heart of man."

Having here been aroused (his usual hour for rising), and with such a glimpse of Purgatory and converse with angels, he might well have appeared haggard and dejected ; yet, incredible as it may appear, for some years he kept it all to himself ; consuming both body and soul, and fighting against conviction. Such cases as these *are indeed* far more numerous than we may imagine, or even conceive *possible*. Yet each, and all, are standing bare before that Sacred Heart, who gazes even from His Altar Throne upon each one, pleading with that *burning* love, for *love* in return. And for what ? Marvellous beyond compare !—that He might save us from that *endless, bitter, agonizing, and eternal fire* of the damned, whence there is *never* redemption !!!

After their so-called "Mass" that morning, the two clergymen returned home to breakfast. Our first Priest, as I must call him, was more than usually pensive during the whole time ; and on the removal of the cloth, the housekeeper exclaimed : "Why, your reverence, you have forgotten your breakfast ; here is the coffee cold, the toast cold, the eggs cold, and the ham not touched. Is your reverence ill ?" He waved his hand for her to remove the cloth, without further remark, as his brother Priest was absorbed in reading *The Tablet*, which an unknown hand had posted to them in time for the early delivery.

After arranging a few preliminaries as to parochial work with his companion, whom he left "in charge," he packed a small bag and took train to Oxford, to seek an interview with a celebrated Doctor of the Church, well known, not so much in the Ritualist, as in the High Church school, who was ever to be found ready to quiet the consciences of his weaker brethren in the faith. After several lengthy consultations, and much evasive arguing, he was prevailed upon to swallow, as the text of inspiration, the reasoning of an Eirenicon, which long since had been pulled to pieces by "Bottalla," on the "Supreme Authority of the Pope." Think-

ing, at last, that his difficulties had been solved, he prepared for his homeward journey, in better spirits than when he had started.

Though in the sight of man, and as regarded virtue, the Priest was pre-eminently a self-sacrificing and religious man, yet little did he really know that he had yet to ascend the first step of the heavenly ladder—humility, without *choice* of mode ; nor yet how easy it is to be convinced, if the end be that coinciding with our own wishes. The subtlety of the heart, and the cunning of our ever-watchful foe, are indeed barriers far beyond human wisdom to surmount, without the ever-constant aid gently flowing through the appointed channel, from that Sacred Heart, so longingly yearning to shower down abundant blessings upon all those who, without counting price or cost, surrender unreservedly their souls to Him.

However, on the following Sunday, quieted, or rather stifled, by that “more than inspired Eirenicon” (?) he preached from the words : “And Paul withstood Peter to the face :” with the desire of retaining his new church, which had cost him much, and all the social surroundings so congenial to a popular preacher. He was not content, however, even after having seen into the spirit-land, to confine himself to preaching the way of salvation, but vigorously held up that “Seamless Robe” to the scorn of men. He powerfully declared the Roman Church to be in schism and rebellion ; that the true “unity” of the faith was an invisible unity, known only to the Creator ; who recognised the unity, in the desire of each separate soul’s longings to do His will, and asserted that all *such*, whose *sincerity* was firm, made up the Catholic unity—undiscoverable to mankind. The words of his text, he maintained, supported the theory that Paul’s power of authority equalled, at least, that of Peter. He bewailed with eloquence and vivid lamentation the “sorrowful apostacy” of Rome, and her image-worship, which he could not reconcile with the Church of God.

He omitted to say that on his own private oratory stood the crucifix, and an image of the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph ; pictures of the Sacred Heart ; and that a stoup for holy water hung by the side. He forgot, also, to tell them that he said daily : “O Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, I give you my heart and my soul, and take refuge beneath your mantle.”

He endeavoured also to prove that the Eastern Churches, like



the Anglican, were also true branches of the one Catholic Church, of which Jesus Christ was the true Corner-Stone. The expansive, marvellous freedom of the Anglican, as he said, embracing *every shade* of thought, distinguished her magnanimity—no less in her *charity* (?) than in her lustre—keeping within her pale the weak and wavering, the worldly and careless, the earnestly zealous and the saintly—in order that the wavering might become confirmed, the weak strengthened, the worldly aroused, and the zealous and saintly sustained by the “Bread of Life.” No other Church had arms so widely spread—extending, with a mother’s love, to embrace even her *rebellious* children, who had wandered far away from her maternal care. Yet, with yearning desire, and bowels of mercy, she goes into the wilderness to seek and to save even the lost.

“But when Cephas was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed” (Gal. 2 ii.). The fault that is here noted in the conduct of Peter, was only a certain imprudence in withdrawing himself from the table of the Gentiles, for fear of giving offence to the Jewish converts; but this, in such circumstances, when his doing so might be of ill consequences to the Gentiles, who might be induced thereby to think themselves obliged to conform to the Jewish way of living, to the prejudice of their Christian liberty. Neither was St. Paul’s reprehending him any argument against his supremacy; for in such cases an inferior may, and sometimes ought, with respect, to admonish his superior. (*See marginal note, Douay Bible.*)

In this case, St. Peter was not defining any dogma, when his infallible utterance would have been required; but he simply manifested his own humility in accepting correction from an inferior. We see similar conduct in that of St. Francis of Sales when rebuked by his coadjutor and younger brother, for his lenity to the confined priests; to avoid passing whom (fearing his weakness towards mercy) he had to take a much longer route daily to say Mass. If it prove anything, one way or the other, as to St. Peter’s supremacy, it manifestly shows his fitness for the office, by the internal grace given him so shining before men, while mere humanity would have resented the rebuke. The way in which man looks at actions, is very different to the manner in which God beholds them.

The sermon ended, it seemed a relief to all. The preacher seemed not himself; his usual flow of oratory, his persuasive eloquence, and vivid imagination, seemed to have forsaken him on that occasion; and, from beginning to ending, it seemed strained, as though he had been preaching against his conscience. And this, our readers, can *well* understand.

Speculation was rife on that day. Some declared they could not understand the strange change in his opinions—having always preached only Ritualistic doctrine, as the sure mark of the true Church. Others insinuated that the “P. W. R. A.” had been called into action by the Persecuting Company Limited, to oppose his goings on; and that the hornet’s nest was getting rather too hot for one who did not desire to accompany the Rev. A. Tooth in the narrow cells of Horsemonger Lane Gaol. Some pronounced him timid, or, at any rate, beside himself. However, not one, not even his brother Priest, had the slightest idea of the real cause of this change.

At the afternoon catechising, the morning preacher was absent; and such an unusual event (as he had never before been known to be absent, when in town), was a source of comment throughout the parish. However, his brother Priest conducted the catechisings for the day, with more marked “success” than usual, every now and then illustrating his subjects with short tales of the early martyrs; touching outlines of facts in the lives of St. Francis of Sales, St. Ignatius, and St. Felicitas, and her seven sons; concluding with a few of the most touching scenes which had taken place in the amphitheatres of ancient Rome.

On his return home, he retired to their devotional library for the purpose of saying his office, and meditating on the subject for his evening sermon. On entering, he beheld the morning preacher prostrate before the oratory, on which were burning two dim lights on either side of the massive crucifix. The picture of the Sacred Heart was conspicuous on the one side, and that of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the other. The Priest, thus abstracted in his devotion, appeared deaf to all around him. More than once his hands and eyes would rise simultaneously, with pleading supplication and intense devotion, while every muscle seemed playing its part in the agitated body of the wrestler in prayer. “Open

wide that Sacred Heart," he would say, "and reveal to me Thy mysterious ways. Enlighten my soul that it sleep not in death. Why hidest Thou Thy face from Thy servant in distress?" A slight pause ensued, with painful emotion ; and then he would exclaim in a plaintive strain, "Hail, Blessed Virgin, Queen of Heaven, plead for one in bitter straits, in bitterness of soul. Let the bright rays of glory be shed abroad in my dark soul, and protect me beneath the shadow of thy sweet mantle, O Holy Virgin, Mother of God." Again, at times, he would manifest intense rapture, as though he were beholding the heavens opening ; and with a voice never before heard, he would, as it were, lead in transport the angels there in greater devotion than earth has ever witnessed, in the Catholic "*Tantum ergo sacramentum.*" In the body, he was yet out of the body ; he was carried away, at any rate, in spirit, to that land where discord is unknown. Suddenly rising, apparently, to approach an angel-form, he beheld his brother Priest, with confusion, and inquired whether it was time yet for the catechising ? manifesting great surprise on hearing that it only wanted one hour to evening service.

### CHAPTER III.

## War in the Heavens.

Our Priest then hastily withdrew to his own room, leaving his companion sole occupant of the library, to think out his evening subject alone. Few words passed between them before service, as each appeared absorbed in his own meditation.

On their way to evening service, after hearing the report of the afternoon's catechising, he expressed much pleasure at the happy manner in which his brother Priest had so adroitly engaged the attention of the children, by the manner, at once interesting and instructive, in which he had carried home to their understandings the subjects in succession ; and the adaptability of the illustrations to which he had resorted.

It had fully been his intention himself to have been there ; but, as we have seen, that afternoon had been occupied in special wrestling with, and for, Divine grace. An inward monitor had spoken, and had cast the apple of discord into the depths of his soul ; that voice might never again be allowed an utterance if stifled now. He felt it, and his spirit could not rest. The aged Priest in purgatory, became a phantom ever present before his vision ; and his half-finished sentence "and the *intensity*"—was ever ringing in his ear, after having witnessed his flight to the Throne of God. But the sentence was never finished. What would he have said—what could he have intended saying ? He would then begin to think of lost souls—lost through heresy. Was he himself an instrument of destruction, in disguise, to his fellows ? Then he reflected mentally upon his sermon in the morning, and became sadder yet than ever.

There was going on a terrible struggle in the deep waters of his soul—a struggle indescribable—known only to those who have passed through similar ordeals. A soul thus estranged from earth and heaven, and from all but its own barren self—when, as it

were, the gates of the Sacred Heart are closed, and the portals of Heaven are barred against it, in its labyrinths of despair, and untold wretchedness. Then, the horrors of the lost seem to eke out the life of the secret soul, thus languishing in spiritual death; kindling in it a fire, more deadly even than death itself. Such is the dreadful conflict of a soul *resisting grace*, and thus fighting against its God.

Human vision beheld not the fearful struggle going on between the visitants of the air! His guardian angel was there indeed, but oh! how sad, and how on the point of retreating at times. The horny black monster was there too, with thousands of ministering spirits, ever prompting evil thoughts, so agreeable to human pride (which haunt, at times, even the most saintly of men while retaining a will and a desire of their own). Then, again, as the wings of thought and reflection carried him far away to the seat of the faithful, holier aspirations took possession of his soul, as the plaintive Litanies recurred to his memory, which he had heard some years since at St. Peter's, in Rome. Then the clash of weapons could be *all but heard* in the deadly conflict of the air. His guardian angel was bending over him in breathless anxiety, watching and encouraging with benign tenderness. Hosts of other bright and holy spirits were there, watching the combat, as the horny monster receded into darkness. Then, when he began to reflect upon the cold formality of that, for which he was contending as the Catholic faith, well might his heart sink within him at the loss of that "*unction*" which only flows through the channels of the Crucified. He *felt* that in the Roman Church there was *worship*, deep, profound adoration! Everything there breathed of a love unearthly, a realisation of the presence of God, unknown to themselves. Privations too, and self-abnegation, were characteristic marks of that holy religion, and a humility which knows no other will than that of the Object of their heart's adoration. With thoughts such as these he sang aloud, "*O salutaris Hostia!*" dwelling, emphatically on the lines "*Bella premunt hostilia da robur fer auxilium*" with such touching effect that he fairly broke down. Here, again, the notes of heaven were touched, and all the weapons of the evil agents lay still, while thousands of white-robed spirits gathered round, and seemed to join in chorus with

their loud Allelulias. Yet far away in the blackness of darkness might be seen the glaring eye of the horny monster, watching, with eager gaze, the opportunity for again seeking his prey. Let but those bright ones depart, and he, with his millions of emissaries, would return with greater vigour. The look of tenderness and love, the gentle, earnest sympathy of that, his guardian angel, could never have been effaced from the memory of any who beheld it.

For a moment he began to think of his new church, the new convent he was building, all the other appliances he had established, and was even then in the course of erecting, for the purpose of promoting God's glory, as though God were not Almighty, but depending upon him to carry out His Divine will.

Though, however, in the liberality of God's great mercy, He permits men, with loving hearts, to do his will—as though *they* were bestowing something upon Him, while manifesting their love in recognising the immense condescension of His love in permitting them to work for His glory—NEVER would such acts as these compensate for the sin of schism, when, as the Saints have told us, “they tear their Lord limb from limb.” All must be thrown to the winds, to the moles, and to the bats, on finding ourselves outside the fold. God tests our love by our *obedience*. While God is looking for the *heart* man too often builds upon straw. His works out of the Church are worse than stubble. The “cup of cold water” within it, has a priceless reward. Such is the effect of unquestioning obedience when, relinquishing one's own hobby, heart's desire, and worldly self-interest, in order to comply with the dictates of the Divine will.

Here, yet again, were the tides of unbelief rising, as the bright ministering spirits glided away towards their bright home, or, perchance, to do battle for another warrior engaged in combat. The rolling of the waters seemed dreary and heavy in that dark land, as the horny monster re-appeared in furious array, for a more deadly conflict than before. Ten thousand agents were at his side, as they heard the heavy roll of the mighty waters in the distance approaching rapidly towards this soul, as it were, to annihilate it for ever. Just as the heavy sea had entered and washed over his soul, there stood beside him that guardian angel, who had been watching in the distance, the approach of the angry foam, and whose keen eye

had caught that of the horny monster, rendering him, with all his hosts, powerless over the object of its solicitude ; but grief intense was indelibly there ; every lineament spoke of unknown agony, as though sorrow's tears belonged to angels—those guardian spirits who have the charge of souls upon earth. Again, the enemy of souls approached, with greater force than ever. Strange, indeed, that earth should look so calm, while in the elements of the air such combatants engaged in deadly strife. Terrible was the battle, and intense the struggle, as the dark spirits were pouring round in untold numbers, equipped with the armoury of the horny one, and ready to do battle at the word of command.

As in silent thought he mentally reasoned within himself, " Shall I discard this empty Anglicanism ? Shall I forsake my flock—my beloved flock—those whom I have been instrumental in bringing to the foot of the cross ?—a voice, so clear that he turned round to see who had spoken, said : " I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and they hear My voice, and will follow Me whithersoever I go." At that instant a mighty rush might have been heard in the elements, as the white-robed spirits surrounded him in ecstatic joy, playing upon golden harps the eternal Allelulia. No less instantaneously had the black spirits disappeared, beyond the boundaries of spiritual vision. The guardian angel looked, oh ! so happy, so relieved, that tears of joy had supplanted those of recent sorrow, that angels of the bright and lofty one alone seemed to occupy the battle-field of recent strife. Instead of the din of battle there sounded the angels' song—caught up, as it appeared, from stage to stage, till, ascending the third heavens, the sweet cadences seemed to have passed the very portals of the Eternal, and to have found rest only when in the presence of the Sacred Heart.

The angels' pen alone has chronicled the events of the last hour in the land of spirits, as the two reverend gentlemen found themselves engrossed in their own meditations at the church door, just in time for evening service.

As the rumours of the morning had taken wings in the usual form of gossiping and magnifying from one hand to another, supplemented by the unusual absence of the vicar, from the afternoon catechising, the church was crammed to excess ; indeed, a very

fair congregation had to stand outside, to whom admission was a mere impossibility, every aisle being filled with standing occupants. It was, indeed, with the greatest difficulty that the two Priests could reach the vestry door. Never before had so large a congregation been assembled as was present on that occasion.

The usual procession being totally unable to enter through the centre aisle, as was their habit, had to emerge straight from the vestry into the chancel. "Onward, Christian soldiers," was then rendered with telling effect with the great mass of worshippers, who threw their whole soul into the chorus. Imagination pictured the reality of the general church militant, going in one body to meet and fight for the church triumphant in heaven, with blood-stained banners of eternal victory. It had, indeed, a thrilling effect upon all present. Those outside even, took up the chorus with heart and soul, which sounded to those within, like the echo of their own voices.

The face of *one* alone, bore traces of internal agony—of strife yet going on, beyond the knowledge of men—with an abstractedness not usually his own, who was even then waging war in the unseen land of spirits. It is not my purpose, however, now to digress from the evening service, by giving a description of this unseen conflict, still going on with our Priest in the land of spirits, as, like Lot's wife, he is looking back upon those whom he has been called upon to forsake, with all the alluring temptations around him. The crown of victory is not easily won, as every convert knows. The horny monster struggles hard, and in many wily, subterraneous ways, before vacating the battle-field in the death-struggle for truth, which *he* most keenly hates.

After the third collect, a new anthem, composed by the Priest, was rendered with such telling effect, that, though the words could not be distinguished by any member of the congregation, yet there was not a single dry eye in the whole church; and many, indeed, were the audible sobs often repeated. When pauses occurred now and then just for a second, the manifest emotion was even painful to behold. The plaintive strains seemed to ascend with such pathetic fervour, in such a manner as music only can portray, yet none but the choir recognised the words of the pleading petition: "Oh! for Catholic faith—for Catholic unity—*whither* shall I go?"



Strange that the infatuation of man is allowed too often to obscure reason. We admit that "God's ways are not our ways," because Scripture asserts it ; yet how few realise it when He condescends to work through the mouths of babes and sucklings ? Here is a would-be Priest "*called*" in a peculiar manner by his own Sunday scholar, yet the barriers rising up from worldly promptings are innumerable—emanating from pride, deeply rooted in the heart, which we know is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Our Priest having finished the evening service, gave out that well known hymn,

"Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distrest?" which appeared most suitable to his then state of mind. At its conclusion his brother Priest ascended the pulpit steps.

In the midnight hour no church has ever been more still than was that immense congregation ; not a sound issued from any corner of the building as the text was prefaced with the Holy Name and the Sacred Sign :—

"Your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3).

The preacher then closed his Testament and put it down. A few moments of intense silence prevailed, while it was evident that many thoughts were struggling for utterance, as though each were vieing with the other, for primary liberation. "As, lowly, and outcast to the world, was the Holy Babe of Bethlehem, so are the saints of the Living God, whose lives are hidden in Him. The strugglings of the souls of the saints upon earth *are* in themselves fierce and perpetual against the torrents of sin ever flowing around them ; yet there reigns a calm serenity, and holy peace, which all the din and turmoil of a world of sin, can never disturb ; neither can the world penetrate into the warfare ever waging within the inner soul of the saints of God, whose lives are hidden with Him in Christ ! We are told that when the body of St. Francis of Sales was opened by the surgeons for embalming process, the gall was completely dried up, owing to his daily struggle to subdue a natural impetuosity of temper, to which he was prone from birth. To narrate many of the 'hidden' battles of the saints, however, is not my present purpose. I would rather 'let their works follow them' in the same hidden manner in which they have been ful-

filled. But in their last hours, I would contemplate them in their calm and safe repose, resting with St. John upon their Saviour's bosom, supported by that which in life they had ever struggled to secure—the grace of final perseverance. The near approach to the Beatific vision was to them present glory. The ministry of angels was their solace. The evil one raged in vain, over whom they had gained a glorious victory, through the in-dwelling graces flowing from the Sacred Heart, infusing through the sanctifying power of the Holy Dove, that constant supply of daily grace which rendered their strength equal to their struggle, while in the saints' great battle in the flesh. Their summons, to be 'for ever with the Lord,' filled their inmost souls with ecstatic joy—longing, as they ever had been, to swell the angelic strains of the redeemed in the New Jerusalem, whither their predecessors had gone before. His glory had been their theme upon earth; but oh! how intensely greater when, in a purified state, they could swell the chorus in the cathedral stalls amidst the hierarchy of heaven's eternal King. They could but recognise in *themselves* unworthiness, failures, imperfections, weaknesses, and sin. Yet on Calvary, in their dear *Lord's* sufferings, they saw the satisfaction of justice there rendered on their behalf. They saw, too, the flowing graces streaming down from the Sacred Heart, which had rendered them strong in the power of Christ; and willingly, indeed, would they follow their guardian angel from the first judgment, to the purgatory to which so loving a Saviour would consign them, in order to enable them to behold the fair beauty of His countenance and to reign with Him for evermore.

"Oh beloved! as I gaze upon the throng before me—as I draw to my imagination this large assembly of immortal souls before the great white Throne, I may fairly tremble at the feebleness of my message! Whither will each be consigned in that momentous hour? Oh, would that each one of you would now, this day, this very hour, resign yourselves at once, and for ever, to that loving Heart, which so built up the saints—and which also longs, with love most tender, most profound, to build up each one of you! Shoulder the cross, then, I implore you; I entreat you, as though these were my last words upon earth; I beseech you, as in the presence of the archangel's trumpet, to take up this cross, and

follow in the paths the saints have trodden before you. The palm of victory may yet be yours. The diadem of heaven is offered you now. The treasures of Jesus—the love of that Sacred Heart, is offered you ; oh, will you refuse, and pass away, each to his own worldly pursuits—as though Jesus called you not, to follow Him into the Eternal City of the redeemed? Oh, why is the heart of man so hard, why is it so adamant, so unapproachable, so impregnable to its own interest, even if cold to responsive love? Has *hell* no fears? Has *eternal torment* no dread?—the everlasting fire of the damned, no repulsive effect, by which to arouse the ungrateful sinner from his dreamy inactivity, in seeking the only refuge of sinners? The time is surely coming when the remorse of Judas will come too late to find repentance ; and all such will then be consigned to the eternal fire which knows no end.” A dead pause. “Suppose, for instance, that a relative of immense wealth told any one of you that on your going a short distance to sign a deed, you would become possessor of 10,000 acres of rich and fertile soil, with stately palaces and princely domains, interspersed with wooded hills, rivulets, and valleys, expanding with green verdure and lovely scenery—many hours would not elapse before that deed was signed. Now what does Jesus ask, and what does He promise in return? He simply asks for love ; He yearns for your heart, and yet not for His own sake, but for yours. He knows the horrors of the damned, and He yearns to save you from them. In return, He promises joys beyond the conception of man, to continue without end, throughout the endless ages of eternity. Thus our blessed Lord presents Himself a *beggar* at the heart of each one of you. Oh, my brethren in Christ ! happy, indeed, are those souls whose lives are hidden in God. ‘O my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs ; let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.’ ‘Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.’

“Saints whose lives are thus hidden, and in the shade here below, win unnoticed victories over the body of sin ; the temple of their faith is built up, as of old, without sound ; it rises like the flowers in the open spaces of vast trackless woods, which grow silently,

and when they are grown, there are none to look on them, and one thinks how much beauty of the woods thus runs to waste, as though God were not rejoicing in His own works. What revelations of the secret places will arise at the coming of our Lord ! how many changes of position ! Some will be cast back of whom we thought much, and others drawn forth, whom we cared little for—the film of man's perception is so great. Great have been martyrs' sufferings in some last, long sickness, where Christian heroism and nobleness have been shown in some mean chambers far out of sight, save that of the Sacred Heart, whose sympathy is where sorrow reigns in submission to His will. What saintliness of soul, and heavenly tempers, and mortified wills, have been seen by Him in the cottages of the poor, where, night and day, the iron has been entering into the soul of uncomplaining sufferers ; where the fight of faith has been going on night and day alike, perhaps for many years. To human vision, how oft uncomely are such jewels of the Lord of Glory, who loves them with an everlasting love. 'Precious,' indeed, 'in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' Oh, what will be the sensation to the spirit only to be disembodied, to have this flesh and blood, which seems so essential to us, without which we cannot understand our existence, stripped from us for a time ? What will it be to pass invisibly from the chamber where we die, so that the friends around us who behold in awe the lifeless corpse, yet see not the ghostly path by which we travel, while wondering *where* we are.

" *This very night* the everlasting gates of the King of Glory are opened wide to each one of you. Jesus pleads with you through the utterance of man. He calls you each one by name, and implores you to enter the ranks of the Crucified, that with Him (after the din of the battle-field has ceased) you may reign in triumph ! Is there no responsive chord in your hearts to be touched, as I gaze across this sea of human hearts before me ? The very muteness of the surrounding air is telling the tale of inward operations—the struggle of the gentle Dove for the mastery over the hearts of men. Delay not, my beloved ; my voice may never again be heard ; I implore you, yea, even as a dying man would implore for mercy, I would beseech and entreat you, one and all, to pre-

sent yourselves living sacrifices to the Lord your God. The interior conflict is the battle-field, and that the world beholds not. Each valiant soldier must do his part in the deadly struggle, under the banner of the Great King, that the number of the elect may be speedily accomplished—for the cross to give place to the crown. It is easier, my beloved in Christ, to hear strong words of exhortation, and to be shaken with religious emotion, than to live religiously at home, one by one, in surrendering the natural will, to the will of God.

“The religious schisms and diversities among Christian people, are a sure sign of much self-trusting. Pride, and notions of private infallibility, or of superior spiritual illumination, are ever implied in separations from the Church; for the authors of every separation betray, in the very act of making a new way, minds of an authoritative turn, self-willed and guiding, and fond of government, rather than trustful and obedient. Thus it is we see that Satan will not let souls escape and fly upwards towards the heavenly places, without strong efforts to drag them down again to the earth, and to hinder them in their flight. I would exhort you with all fervour of soul, and with all the affection persuasion can command, to be less contentious, and more charitable, that as we draw nearer and nearer to the unseen world, we may be filled more and more with Divine truth and love—that the light of heaven may shine more and more upon us before we enter it. What rivers and streams of comfort seem to flow from the mere contemplation of the angels, to say nothing of the positive strength which we derive through their ministrations! How sad to mar these holy offices of guardian spirits, by the strife of tongues in this world of sin! What matters it now to St. Paul that he was thrice beaten and shipwrecked? What matters it to St. Peter that he was cast into prison? or to St. John that he was exiled? to St. Stephen that he was stoned? or the innumerable host of prophets and martyrs that they have suffered?—now, crowned with everlasting glory, having borne the cross, in contending for the faith which they never forsook. Let us, then, be stimulated by their examples, steadfast unto death and faithful to the Catholic Church—the very Spouse of Christ.

“The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout,

with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then they which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord; wherefore comfort one another with these words.' Beloved, my prayer for each soul now before me is, that your lives may indeed be hidden with Christ in God; that the resurrection morn may find your lamps trimmed and burning."

During the offertory, the hymn, "O Paradise, O Paradise," was rendered with thrilling effect, as every soul appeared inspired with holy reverence. "The Church's one foundation" was sung, as the choir returned to the vestry.

This was considered a most successful service, as the offertory amounted to £109 7s. 11d.; and that night 300 first confessions were heard in the church. This, however, proved a great stumbling-block to our poor Priest, who was doing violence to his conscience, by the act of hearing them.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Dialogue Renewed.

The marvellous manner in which it pleases our dear Lord to work miracles in the hearts of men, whose susceptibility to the infusion of His Holy Spirit, has been marred through lack of using His own appointed channels, by which His Spirit operates, is not for *man* to penetrate. Alone before Him are the souls of men laid bare, Who permits not the wilfulness of one, to obscure in others, the grace which He vouchsafes to His own elect.

Little did our Priest think of the cloud of witnesses awaiting his arrival at the first judgment, nor of the years of Purgatory to which his *own acts* were consigning himself, (should he happily enter there at all,) long after his identity should have been forgotten by the generations succeeding him. Human nature grasps at things present; while the divinely renewed, stretches onwards to things unseen, but eternal, striving in holy conflict, to make their calling and election sure—*knowing* in Whom they have believed.

Imperfect or erroneous reasoning, neither removes doubt, nor converts error into truth. Where divine faith is wanting, sophisms step in to blind the hearts of men, and to obscure those bright rays of light which gleam from above. The childlike faith which believes because a *Father* has spoken, ought long since to have led our Priest back to the "Faith of our fathers," from which none ought ever to have strayed. Yet we find the "successful" evening service of Sunday last, has led him to renewed energies in his old paths—still rending that Seamless Robe—in spite of doubts, at least, if not of conviction. Man's successes too often, when viewed with clearer vision than man possesses, are, in the sight of the Holy One, man's *special failures*. The very actions, which, in

obedience to His precepts, flowing through His own appointed channels, redound with glory to His name—if turned aside, through other channels of man's device, become worse than fruitless, and miserable failures ! Long lives may be wasted, and hell may be filled, while man is priding himself in his works for God. Heaven's key-note is love ; and obedience reigns in all around in the courts of the Eternal. *He* needs not for man to find a "better way" than that in which He has Himself appointed for His creatures on earth to serve Him.

How rivers are to flow when the springs are dried up, I must leave those readers to say, who maintain that Catholic graces and Catholic sacraments, are to be gained other than through Catholic channels. These the Anglicans have not. They may have exterior rites, and ceremonies ; they may have gorgeous ritual and imposing services ; they may have eloquent preachers and overflowing congregations ; they may even possess convents, monasteries, and untold gold ; but Divine sacraments (the *inward* as well as the outward part) they have *not*. The springs of the living waters flow only from the one fountain—the undivided Militant Church—the "Faith of our fathers," from which they have separated themselves, laying to waste the once beautiful places ; with watercourses barren and dried up, they have become impotent and unable to bring forth, though drawing nigh to the birth. Poor satisfaction will such wayward children realise, when they discover, all too late, the fallacy of their perverse reasoning. Supposing, even, that they had Orders and Bishops, they would be excommunicate, and, therefore, powerless to convey grace. It is only when in union with the head, that the members can act. A separated limb becomes dead and powerless ; while so long as it remains united to the body, it responds to its office in nature. Just so is it in the Catholic Church of our dear Lord. The Spouse of *Him* dismembered, is viewed with agony by His saints on earth, the redeemed in Paradise, and His ever-blessed Mother, the Queen of Heaven. Yet man alone is unconcerned, and calls it "*only* schism." The blood boils—the spirit can hardly contain itself at such utterances as these. Hell is terrible indeed, yet have you ever contemplated anything *worse* than hell ? I think there is something even worse. Having for a moment,



beheld the resplendent glory of the Beatific vision, in the first judgment, with the lustrous fire of Divine love consuming the Sacred Heart in its own intensity, the very thought of what *might* have been yours, and the knowledge of the utter hopelessness of ever attaining admission into that *ocean* of love, must render hell ten thousand times worse than if you had never beheld that transporting scene—the portion of the redeemed. This same foretaste of Heaven, must also render the purgatorial flames far more endurable to the saints “saved, yet so as by fire.” Blessed Purgatory, which leaves to the saints the hope—the assurance—of at some future time, returning to reign with that Sacred Heart, and to behold the Virgin Queen, and the illustrious army of the redeemed.

I must not, however, prolong my story too far, nor weary my readers with an account of the morning and evening services of the following Sunday. Both reader and writer must be satisfied with a peep into that afternoon’s catechising, which our Priest himself again conducts.

He commenced his instructions by comparing Noah’s ark to the Church of God ; the three stories representing the three branches of the Church. But he did not name the three branches. If he intended the Eastern as one, it is so sub-divided that it is hard to define which is meant by the Eastern. The three stories being—one for clean beasts, one for unclean, and one for the people. I suppose, from her discordant notes, the Anglican would be represented by the unclean, and the Eastern by the clean beasts ; while that for the people would represent the Western Church, as it is called by those outside—though Universal can hardly be thus treated. But be this as it may, I should rather understand it thus :—the ark representing the Church with her three classes. The story for the people, representing the earnest and good Catholics ; that for the clean beasts, the luke-warm who love the world ; and that for the unclean, those who, though Catholics by name, live profligate lives, keeping only just within her pale *externally*.

The scholar with whom our tale commenced, is again present, and the conversation, resumed between the Priest and himself, continues thus :—

*Clergyman.* Well, my child, I hope, seeing you here, that your conscience has now been quieted, and that you purpose obediently following the teaching of my brother Priest, and myself, without assuming superior knowledge to those placed over you, by God, for your edification.

*Scholar.* This is the very point, Father, that I want settled. I am at a loss to know whom it is that God has appointed for me to obey. There being so much controversy in the English Church, they condemn themselves as being in a state of heresy—seeing that controversy as to faith belongs only to heretics. The Divine voice claims simply obedience “without questioning.” The contentions for dogma, as manifested by “The Public Worship Regulation Act,” “The Persecuting Company Limited,” and the “English Church Union,” together with “The Liberation Society” and “The Church League,” all speak of a human organisation (a respectable secular society, perhaps,) requiring human agency to carry on a kind of political economy. Yet inasmuch as that the Church is a Divine institution, beyond the reach of any society to meddle with in her dogma, I cannot really conscientiously recognise in your Church, the infallible voice which is to guide souls into “all truth.” Her reign (that of the *true* Church) is above principalities and powers, with a voice exclusively her own; and though she forces none, yet she extends her loving mission to all humble and obedient souls, who are seeking a rest beyond the confines of time.

*Clergyman.* My child, I am sorry for you. Pride always goes before a fall. I see clearly from the tenor of your reasoning, that you have been with the Jesuits again, who will be sure to overcome one so unlearned as you are. Ever since the Photian schism, many hundred years ago, the Church has been divided into branches. There is the Eastern Church, which has existed nearly a thousand years; and there is the Greek Church, older still than the Anglican. Yet each of these, together with ourselves, more or less, teach the Catholic faith.

*Scholar.* It seems to me, Father, that you have condemned yourself in what you have said. In the first place, I have not been to any Jesuit, or Roman Priest. I have simply been reading a pamphlet called “Holy Church the Centre of Unity,” by one who

was, at one time, and for many years, an English churchman. Again, you speak of the Photian "*schism*." Now any *schism*, condemns itself as having separated *from* the Church. If it existed 20,000 years, it would be no less *schism* then, than the first day in which it separated. Surely there is no logic which could make that right which was intrinsically *wrong*, by the lapse of any length of time. Yet, taking your own view, that Anglicans are right in England; Romans, in Italy and Rome; Greeks, in Greece, &c., by the same reasoning, reduced by fractions, the inevitable result would be that each soul should form "its own" church exclusively, and independently of every other. Such must always be the working of *schism*. The same principle which would sanction "private judgment" to one, could not refuse it to others. If it be right, it would be free to all; if wrong, it belongs to none. It seems, therefore, to me essential that we should all return to the one original Church, by Jesus Christ instituted, and authorised by Him, to teach His infallible truth to all nations. Lastly, you say they all teach, "*more or less*," Catholic truth. It seems to me that we do not want "*more or less*" truth, but the whole and entire; yet, even this, without the *power* of conveying sacramental grace, would be valueless; and this power no *schismatic* can possibly possess. It is not for man to alter God's spiritual water-courses, through which the spiritual streams are ever flowing into the hearts of His creatures. He may be presumptuous enough to make ways to his own liking, but he cannot make the *spiritual* stream to flow therein. The externals may be very similar, but beyond that he fails.

*Clergyman.* It is no use, my child, trying to explain to you the deep things of God, which are beyond the capacity of your understanding. Of the nature of schism, and the most grave historical facts, you are altogether ignorant. As you have observed, "unquestioning obedience" (to us) is doubtless your right position; but the spirit of "private judgment" has taken from you that spirit of obedience so pleasing to Almighty God. It is very easy, my child, to write books, and to abuse legitimate authority, in a rash and vague manner, when the mind becomes weak, rendering one unstable in the faith, and "carried away with every wind of doctrine." It requires a copious mind, well stored, to tackle the

flowing tides of unbelief of the present age. And this, my child, you have not got.

*Scholar.* Excuse me, Father, for saying so, but really your answers appear to me very evasive. I am ignorant of having mis-stated any historical fact to which I have alluded; and I venture to suggest, that my idea of schism has been borne out both in history and theology; and when you say that it is easy for those of weak mind to write books, I would remind you that the author of that pamphlet has given a list of books at the end to bear out his own assertions, and that those books have been mostly written by learned theologians who were once Anglican clergymen; therefore *such* reasoning demands the respect and attention of *honest* searchers.

*Clergyman.* My child, although you argue with the air of an equal in learning and authority, yet the apparent earnestness and sincerity of purpose which you manifest, induces me to waive all personal feelings with respect to relative positions; but it is very evident that you have never seen Father Gratrey's letters, when the Infallibility question had become the topic of the day, or these letters would have at once silenced any further doubts upon the subject of the Roman claim.

*Scholar.* It has been my privilege, Father, to have seen these letters, and also the author's retraction; and I think that, with the evidence given in the pamphlet to which allusion has already been made, any person having a claim to some landed estate, with similar evidence, equally strong, would become at once convinced of the fallacy contained in such letters and the true ground of their claim, and this because they would give *real, earnest* attention. And again, I should much like to read all the books referred to; if they were not so expensive I certainly would, as, having always been in the English Church, it would be only fair to see upon what authority the Roman, claims to be the Catholic Church. Our not doing so savours of bigotry and cowardice. Just as if, in a trial at the Assizes, the only evidence taken should be that of the plaintiff, without hearing the defendant at all. This, we all admit, would be gross partiality—un-Catholic, unjust, and dishonest. At the same time, the Anglican has no defined doctrine. Every clergyman teaches just what *he thinks*

right. Now, in the Roman Church the Priests do not teach just what they *think* right, but they ALL teach the very same. There is here, then, a claim to reason, and a mark of Divine authority. These facts render the demand for inquiry essential, seeing that we are separated from the Apostles, to whom the power and authority of teaching was entrusted by our Blessed Lord. Besides this we are admonished to be able to show the reason of the faith that is in us—the ground upon which we take our standing.

*Clergyman.* To enter into all the subjects you have introduced would take us till after evening service, and longer. If, however, you will call upon me to-morrow evening, I shall go more deeply into the subjects than time will now permit. In the meantime, my child, you may rest perfectly easy in the faith of my brother Priest and myself—your own clergy appointed by God—to watch, as those who must give account for your soul.

*Scholar.* Thank you, Father, I shall be most happy to call. But, as we keep up the saints' days here, I should like to know how many have been canonised by the English Church, and who they were?

*Clergyman.* The saints' days we keep, my child, are those of the Primitive Church. Since the Reformation the English Church has canonised none.

Up jumps a little curly-headed boy (the favourite of the school, both day and Sunday) and sings out "Oh, then, Father, I'm off to the Church of the Saints. I thought I was in it already." Twelve months later on, he is found one of the most devout and most regular of the altar servers in the nearest Roman church. How quickly was Divine faith here vouchsafed to the innocent. Would that our priests had each such childlike faith!

*Scholar.* It is very sad, Father, that any schism ever took place. If only they had remained united as "unquestioning obedience" would have dictated, there would have been no heartrending controversies, but people would have received every article of faith as it became defined, without questioning. As it is, every heresy denounced, every truth defined, is now called "adding to the faith" by controversialists, in their endeavour to make good a false position. And we poor creatures, who had no hand in it, have been brought up under their false influences so

long, that it is terrible work to see clearly what one ought to do. It seems to me, that the only right thing would be to submit to the Catholic Church.

*Clergyman.* You speak rashly, my child, having no idea of the wondrous manner in which God oftentimes brings good out of evil. Doubtless the first schismatics were greatly to blame, as you have justly observed, and on them will the heavy visitation fall of the wrath of God who has pronounced, "Woe to those by whom divisions arise." Yet at the same time, He has, through this evil, caused His Church to be winnowed, cleansed, and purified, by the pure doctrine preached by my brother Priest and myself.

*Scholar.* Then, Father, according to that, for more than eighteen hundred years there was no "pure religion," until your brother Priest and yourself were sent to us by a Bishop, whose teaching you both ignore, and who was himself sent by a temporal Queen, possessed of no apostolic authority. Surely "the cistern is dry;" or is it the "Angel from Heaven" coming to preach another doctrine?

*Clergyman.* You forget yourself, my child, and are becoming personal, and even *impertinent* to talk in this manner to and of your clergy, to whom your obedience is due.

*Scholar.* Forgive me, Father, I did not intend anything of the kind; but was only anxious to grasp at something definite, in order to arrive at a right conclusion. I will, with your leave, put it in this manner. Suppose you were collecting in order to build a new school, church, or convent, and that you came across two men, one rich and the other poor, but both well dressed, to which would you appeal after knowing their positions?

*Clergyman.* Certainly to the rich man; but what has this to do with our present subject?

*Scholar.* It has just this, Father: that the Catholic Church possesses apostolic authority for dispensing sacramental grace to her children, which no schismatical body can possibly convey. The ritual may correspond to perfection; yet without the apostolic commission, there it ends. To explain myself further, you may have two bottles on the table in every respect alike—the one full of wine, and the other empty. You might hold the empty one over a wine-glass as long as you pleased, but it would never fill

the glass with wine ; but take the full bottle, and the wine would flow at command.

*Clergyman.* I see exactly your argument, my child, which, as usual, is built upon an assumption of your own, for which you have no authority.

*Scholar.* I think, Father, your own assertions relative to the Photian schism bear me out in what I have said. If further evidence be needed, the *fact* of Archbishop Tillotson having never been baptised, would render all his "orderings" invalid, besides other sacraments by him administered. And again, in Dr. Short's "Church History," we are plainly told that *laymen* were allowed to retain the churches in which they had been profanely preaching, and administering, what they called sacraments. Surely, then, the only way to get back to the real Church, would be obediently to return to the Primitive Church, to which you have so often referred.

*Clergyman.* You are entangling yourself, my child, with subjects irrelevant to that for which you are contending. Your misty and delusive reasoning evaporates in confusion of subjects altogether foreign to our present purpose. If only you had attended to the *teaching* of my brother Priest and myself, you would never have suffered these doubts to have arisen in your heart : they are only the reflection of a rebellious spirit.

*Scholar.* I am sorry, Father, that you judge me so severely. With all respect I would simply say, that it seems to me that the *same* authority by which the Photian schism took place, would justify every man in setting up his own religion, and making himself his own Priest. If they had *true* authority for separating, we have *just the same* authority. If we have not this authority, then they had it not ; and, in that case, our plain duty would be to return to the one and only Church. In other words, supposing an old servant of yours was to leave your service, would you go on quarterly paying him his wages as formerly you did ? He might go about *saying* that he was your servant, and even send others to draw his wages, but I think he would send in vain. Just so, it seems to me, that all schismatics are acting. They go about saying that they form the pure Church, having left her service, and then think, or pretend to think, that God's sacramental grace can

be turned by themselves, into other channels than those by *God Himself* appointed !

*Clergyman.* You must not rashly jump at such conclusions, my child ; there was much more weighty evidence than you can imagine, which guided our forefathers in the Dark Ages.

*Scholar.* Well, Father, to my mind it seems all to lie in a nutshell. Did God establish a Church ? if so, *which* is it ? Nothing by Him established could ever be by man improved. Reformation, in such a case, could be nothing short of rebellion and blasphemy.

*Clergyman.* Your theories, my child, are in themselves wrong, and your inferences erroneous ; enthusiasm without discretion leads unwary souls to their own destruction. The fallacy of false arguments, supported by conclusions which have no foundation, serve only to obscure the illumination of divine light, and envelope the unhappy soul in total darkness. You have no idea of the doctrines of the Roman Church, for which you are so strongly contending. Their image-worship is fearful idolatry, and most repugnant to the will of God. I can but admonish you, as your Priest, to remain satisfied where it has pleased God to place you, and cheerfully to submit to the teaching of my brother Priest and myself. If you continue so wavering in the faith, you cannot expect the benefit of absolution from either of us.

*Scholar.* As I cannot comprehend the commencement of your reply, Father, I shall pass on to that part which I can understand. You speak of the doctrines of the Roman Church. Now, this is the very last thing which would trouble me, if I could once grasp that that was the Church by God established, as my duty would then be, simply to submit, rendering "unquestioning obedience." The desire to understand every doctrine would strip "godliness" of the "mystery" which, we are told, especially belongs to godliness. As to image worship, I know they do *not* worship images. The worship is to the one represented. Do you worship the crucifix over your pulpit, or the Stations of the Cross, which hang around your church ? Do people worship the crucifixes and pictures upon their oratories ? The charge of image worship is, therefore, as untrue, as it is ridiculous in the extreme. Whether I am in the place that *God* has willed for me to be in, is the point at issue—the mystery I am anxious to solve. I feel strongly

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inclined to think that the place I am in, is one not of God's appointment, but of man's heretical selection. Hence it becomes my duty to search most assiduously until I am perfectly convinced. As to absolution, in my present state of mind, I shall have no occasion to trouble your brother Priest or yourself—feeling persuaded, as I at present do, that having been many times to confession, I have never yet received valid absolution.

*Clergyman.* When we look historically, my child, upon the Church, we see many divisions even in the Roman, which renders it most difficult to judge which is the purest branch.

*Scholar.* Historians, you have said, Father, greatly differ, hence the only historical way in which we could trace the true Church, would be to find that Church governed by the successor to St. Peter, who was himself by our Lord appointed. All others have, more or less rebelled, and become schismatics; and thus the historians differ according to the side to which they themselves lean. It is therefore necessary to pass over *all historians*, and to submit only to St. Peter's successor—the one and only infallible Guide.

*Clergyman.* Surely, my child, you do not infer that all those separated from the Roman Church are inevitably lost. Read Ffoulk's "Letters to Cardinal Manning."

*Scholar.* It may be true, Father, as the Church in her charity admits, that there *may be* salvation for those outside her pale, who are invincibly ignorant of her existence as the Divinely appointed Head. Yet to those the years of purgatorial fire are, I fear, greatly enhanced, if, when doubts arise, they do not correspond to the grace thus shown them. When, in the sight of God, a thousand years are as a day, what must be the idea, if for every day we have lived upon earth, we must endure a thousand years of Purgatory? Now we are on the platform of life, and can book for a short or long endurance, according to our present actions. It is, we know, impossible to deceive, or to mock God with impunity; and that every thought, every action, is known to Him, and registered in the courts of heaven. Men may ridicule the idea of Purgatory while in health of body, yet this will make it none the less *real* when they come to die, but only serve to prolong their sufferings there. Where there is faith, logic is most con-

clusive in at once recognising the Church, or in other words the "kingdom of God" as altogether separate and independent of all other kingdoms and states, being herself spiritual, and not political,—her aims, ends, and dealings being infinitely above all mere political interests, inasmuch as the latter relate to time only, the other to time *and* eternity. A moment's real reflection could not but convince (where docility exists) either reason or faith, that if our Blessed Lord ONCE established a Church, that it was not for man to reform, alter, or improve; but was to remain till the Resurrection morn inviolate. The idea of contending for "branches," demonstrates heresy beyond dispute. God is Truth. Whatever is right in *Rome* is right in every clime under heaven, with regard to His Church, as must be patent to every unprejudiced *child*. The heart, mind, and will, must succumb to the will of God; and to help those who are in earnest—seeking only His will—it seems to me, that He permits the trials the Ritualists are now enduring with those "whose own the sheep are not." Where was the English Church for 1,500 years before the Reformation? Clearly, then, the Reformation was—not reform, but—rebellion. Though they date their authority for ritual from the rubrics of the prayer-book of Edward VI., I should like to know (although a book is a *dead* letter, which all may interpret for themselves) by what authority has Edward VI. been pronounced infallible? or did our Lord only establish His Church in the reign of that monarch? The very foundation upon which they build is a volcano, and must of necessity sooner or later terminate like the house which was built upon the sand. When reason is called upon to bend to faith, humility is smothered by the pride which, while admitting the omnipotency of God, refuses to believe, because it sees not how, or by what means, He chooses to work. Thus the infallibility of the Holy Father, in dogma *ex-cathedra*, has been made a stumbling-block. The Holy Fathers have never claimed, nor ever will claim, for themselves *impeccability*, which so many have confounded with infallibility; while the latter is only propounded when defining dogma *ex-cathedra*, and which has never been questioned until made an article of faith, according to the infallible promise of Jesus Christ to be with His Church till the consummation of time. As to Ffoulk's Letters, you would smile

at your own suggestion, if you had only read Botalla's "Supreme Authority of the Pope." Such letters were but the outcome of ignorance on *vital* points, and the opposite to humility. Classical culture does not always run in the same groove with Divine culture.

As the bells were ringing for evening service, the class was at once dismissed. The Priest then, again, expressed his intention of allaying all the fears of his scholar on the following evening, if he would call upon him at six o'clock.

## CHAPTER V.

### Victory after Conflict.

Many events have taken place since the dialogue between our Priest and his Sunday-scholar. The following evening's private interview signally failed in confirming the scholar in the faith of the two Priests. We must not, however, overlook the kind and gentle forbearance of the Priest, who found himself more harassed than he liked to own. There was a latent goodness of heart which brooded a better nature, to shine forth at some future time. The generality of men would have summarily cut short such reasoning with an inferior, whose powers of argument they found superior to their own. Hence we may see in the distance, what the Priest himself perceives not, a Catholic heart, smothered in confusion, needing only a clearer perception, to stimulate to immediate action. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."

The unsearchable ways of the Sacred Heart are silent and imperceptible to the world, though flowing like the crystal stream into the deep waters of the soul, arousing at first disquietude, and fears, often succeeded by barrenness of soul, and wretchedness, broaching on despair; yet the silver cord which links together the number of the elect, to the one central object of the soul's adoration, shines silently beyond the dark water-floods of the soul, in its state of bereft agony and isolation—leading gently and imperceptibly to the living springs of eternal life. Sorrow, affliction, trial, and solitude, in this life, are as surely the portion of the saints of God, as it was of the Sacred Heart, when clothed in humanity. The white-robed saints in the Revelation of St. John, had come

out of "great tribulation," and so must others, in succession, to realise the words once uttered : "Of them which Thou gavest me have I lost none."

The spiritual conflicts of each soul are not always alike. In one way they resemble each other : the narrow, rugged, and thorny steep, the patient up-hill way of the cross, by which the human nature partakes of the Divine, in sorrow's suffering track, is the portion of each. Some of the more loving, drink more deeply to the dregs from the cup of sorrow, than do others ; yet in the "many mansions" there are degrees of glory, that each may harmonise, and be fitted together in the spiritual temple, which awaits the travellers as they journey towards their distant home.

As a tedious journey has many a weary hour to travellers in distant lands, far, far away from home (a word so sweet to all), so has it ever been to pilgrims journeying through the wilderness of life, to their eternal home. Our own likings, and the plans of others on our behalf, too often retard our progress, raising barriers almost insurmountable, to obscure the land-marks of heaven ; turning aside into byeways those who would have otherwise sped swiftly on, caring naught for the things of time, in their eagerness to grasp the things eternal.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the Anglican Church, which would bear also upon the other schismatic bodies, it makes us shudder to remember the "woe" denounced upon those "by whom divisions arise." When we here behold so many, in heart really saintly men—blindly leading the blind—men, many of whom are doubtless fed miraculously, like as were the Israelites with manna in the wilderness, as sacramentally they cannot be—it makes one's very soul to grieve in sadness of heart, to behold them, like birds with their wings tied—longing to soar upward, yet clogged to earth—and deluding others into the same paths where the living waters of life are *not*. If these, in their youth, had but *known* the Catholic Church, nothing in the visible or invisible worlds could ever have turned them from her. She, their true Mother, bursting with maternal love, flowing with the living waters of eternal life, whose visage is comely beyond aught else upon earth, is by them looked upon as a harlot. Yet even thus scandalised, she echoes the Bridegroom's prayer, "Father, forgive them ; they know not what they do."

Yes, she is ever pleading for the conversion of her rebellious children, that this sin may not be laid to their charge. Nevertheless, these insults to the Bride of the eternal God, are ever going on, by the men who, blinded by early training, or want of ready instant correspondence to the call "Arise, and follow Me," so often heard, but not heeded, when spoken by the "still small voice;" held back, unknowingly it may be, in many cases by human pride, instigated in others by worldly motives of various kinds, all uniting in maligning the Queen of Heaven through the Bride on earth, and in so doing, consigning themselves to unknown suffering, if not eternal exclusion from that bright home where they might have been highly exalted amongst the saints in the Church triumphant. Woe indeed to those by whom such divisions have arisen in the "Bride of the Lamb!"

Men have human sympathy for each other; yet how much deeper, how much more sincere and true is this, as each becomes more closely united, in the objects of the love of the Sacred Heart. Few can imagine the inward conflict, and, at times, the barrenness of soul, felt struggling as it were against undefinable convictions, as though faith were taking wings to depart for ever from those from whose spiritual vision the scale of heresy is breaking up, as the dawn of the sun of righteousness is rising in the soul; to disperse, at some future time, with its full rays of glory, the hazy fog of its present atmosphere. Those who have *passed*, as it were, from death to life, from darkness to *light*, from shadow to substance, from *shams to reality*, from Satan to the Sacred Heart, behold in wonder the power of that darkness, which could have made them slaves so long, while noon-day light was before them! These, though looked upon by their former companions in bondage, as apostates, as cowards and traitors; look back with tender love, with inexpressible sorrow, with deep and real sympathy, for those in the dark valley of strife, and do violence to the Sacred Heart on their behalf, that the captives *may be made free*, and so share in their unspeakable joy.

When we contemplate human nature—and that nature, too, outside the reach of sacramental grace, so prone to pride in her millions of aspects—what must be the struggles of the Anglican clergy, many with wives and families, many in high rank, and not

a few with wealthy benefices, and high intellectual culture? With barriers such as these, each and all serving to obscure light—oh, is there not *need* to do violence to the Sacred Heart on their behalf? If to some of the laity the struggle be so intense, is it not a thousand times more so to these? Surely with such, is Mother Church in bitter travail, to whom may well be applied the words—

“Quis est homo qui non fleret  
Matrem Christi si videret  
In tanto supplicio?”

It is a fact which those *see* after the victory has been won, and which the same before, will not see,—that men begin their search at the wrong end, thus trammelling themselves in labyrinths of intricacies, in which they become lost. Instead of asking themselves, Which was the Church established by our dear Lord? they begin by questioning every defined article of faith, endeavouring to make clear to their own finite understandings the “mystery of Godliness,” quite forgetting—what they teach as *essential*—“unquestioning obedience” in *themselves* to the Church of God. This device of Satan has been a very powerful one in keeping souls back from God. All who have passed see this clearly; yet, strange to say, those in the “gall of bitterness” become blinded in their own conceit, and either cannot or will not see it. We must not, however, think harshly; we know what *we ourselves were*; we must pray for them. God has been patient with us, let us also be so with them. Let us admire their zeal, their intentions, and their good works; and the more zealously let us plead for the prayers of the Blessed Virgin on their behalf, that the rays of Divine light may be shed abroad in their hearts, with grace to *follow it*, leading them to the one fountain, from whence the living waters of eternal life are ever flowing.

The simple desire of the Sunday-scholar to find the Church by Jesus Christ established, without seeking into the “mysteries of godliness,” to have them made clear to his comprehension, has enabled him, by Divine grace, to submit that “unquestioning obedience” which he had long known ought to have been rendered somewhere, while as yet he knew not where. He has now found that rest, for which he was seeking; and, with the little

curly-headed "favourite," is a zealous and devout singer in the same choir. The simplicity of the faith of these two, was rewarded in such a manner as is known only to the Sacred Heart, and those to whom He communicates His ineffable love. In everything they recognised His guiding wisdom, and their tender hearts were inundated with holy attachment, in responding love, not often to be found in hearts so young. To those around, it seemed as though their human nature responded, as of its own accord, to the divine promptings, as if that but one will reigned in their souls. But as is often the way when premature ripeness exists (as the world calls it), premature departure out of the world follows, as though the world were of too bleak an atmosphere to retain them. And thus with these two, we would sooner leave them, in these robes of spotless purity, in "that rest which remaineth to the people of God." Before two summers had passed since their reception into the bosom of Holy Church, a violent pestilence visited the town in which they lived; and besides many others, these two, were called away by that Shepherd who knoweth His own by name. The last scene was indeed edifying to those who beheld such happy deaths. The last confession was audible and clear; the faith in the Viaticum so transporting with holy joy, that the presence of angels' ministry could be realised, at least in imagination; and during the Priest's administering to each extreme unction, the countenances seemed lighted up with external glory, as, with eyes fixed upwards, and arms extended, "For ever with the Lord" echoed from their dying breath to those around, even after their guardian angels had conducted them to the first judgment, beyond which we penetrate no further. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labour." *Deo Gratias!*

Our Priest was engaged in his study, when the news reached him of the happy deaths of these two, who had formerly been numbered amongst his own flock. As is often the case, the death of one, is the call to real life of another. Like a vivid lightning-flash, his former reasonings *with the scholar came before him*, who, now in the spirit-land, may perchance aid him more than in the flesh he ever could have done. "*Requiescant in pace,*" breathed from his lips, as he contemplated the scholars "Is the cistern dry, or is



it the Angel from Heaven coming to preach another gospel?" In mental perplexity he reviewed the past; admiring the single aim which sought so strenuously for the infallible Church, which was to guide into all truth to the end of time, and which had so lovingly embraced the two confiding children, who had sought refuge beneath her mantle, and by her, were handed over to the guardian angels in a state of purity, now beyond the reach of sin and temptation. The former reasonings of the one departed, now came home to his heart with potency and power, not before discerned, as he thoughtfully reflected upon the past, and the blessed end of the one who had so faithfully sought. Then, standing before his oratory, he sang with touching pathos:—

“ Brief life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending  
The tearless life, is *there*.”

After silent prayer for the departed, he reclined in his chair in mental agitation. Reasoning within himself on the superficial character of the Ritualist theory, he began to think of its unreality, in satisfying the soul; its barrenness in supplying only externals to excite the feelings for the time, while powerless in uniting the soul to God, through lack of the life-giving stream of sacramental grace. Their people kept together merely by popular preachers, and ornate services. Their octaves needed new preachers daily; their services, professional singers, to practise “Roman Masses.” These things, he reasoned, savoured of theatrical performances. Then, when he turned to the Roman, or, correctly speaking, the Catholic Church, with none of these, he found their services best attended at early morn, by most devout worshippers, who recognised God in their midst. There he beheld real worship, heart-felt adoration, such as unrealities can never produce. Then again he would contemplate the sacrifices to be made; the opinions of his old familiar friends; and the condemnation, by the world, pronounced upon *seceders*. With such thoughts as these, he becomes abstracted in a profound reverie, whither we must follow him into the spirit-land again, which the outer world beholds not. In bitter contemplation, and fearful mental struggles, he is carried far away; when, unseen, the horny monster again appears with

piercing gaze ; a murmuring in the air precedes an intense mist, which naught could penetrate, save that ball of livid fire, with gaze intent upon the soul. As the mist dispersed, thousands of black spirits surrounded the one in combat. Others, every now and then, were streaming forth, as thunder peals announced the approach of those in the rear, ever coming onwards, as though hell itself were being emptied. The horny one approaching the soul in combat, signalled to his evil hosts to arrange in battle array, and to press onwards to the conflict at the signal of his piercing eye. This signal given, the guardian angel hovered over his charge, and stayed the deadly attack, while the groans of the disappointed monster, filled the air with its reverberating echo. But the evil one was not easily to be foiled of the prize, on which he was so eagerly bent. He knew, too well, that in losing him, he would lose many others who were following in his track ; either into his own ranks, or into those of the Great King of the land which is "very far off," and against whom he has ever been engaged in deadly conflict. Fire proceeded from his mouth, as an unearthly yell issued forth, summoning ten thousand other, apparently more hideous monsters, than himself. To these he deputed to each their part in the drama scene of spiritual combat, which appeared to be his final attack for the mastery over that soul. No sooner had the plan of attack been matured, and every arrow pointed, with the minutest accuracy, upon the object of the guardian angel's charge, than the horny monster's eye could be seen glaring with inward *exultation* ; when the heavens opened, and a bright and glorious array of the angelic host filled the surrounding elements where the guardian spirit hovered, lining on either side the unfathomable space betwixt earth and heaven—pressing into darkness the evil one with his countless hosts. The angel's Alleluia then filled the air with the song of the Eternal, in cadences of unutterable sweetness, as the voices of the "faithful departed" seemed to reverberate in the distance, as at heaven's portals :—

"The strife is o'er, the battle done ;  
Now is the Victor's triumph won :  
Oh ! let the song of praise be sung."

Carried away in his reverie, he was, he thought, in his own pul-

pit, singing with soul-fervour, the angels' chorus Allelulia, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts," when a heavenly form appeared in radiant brilliancy by his side, and, beckoning him to follow, he ascended through the clouds, outside the pearly gates of Paradise, where the strains of joy and heavenly music, seemed to transport his soul from its earthly tenement, and to awake in it a chord before untouched. Enraptured with ecstatic amazement at the transporting scene, he became lost in wonder, and holy awe, when the winged one, in tones of inexpressible sweetness, said : " My mission permits not that thou, whilst in the flesh, shouldst see inside these holy gates, where the saints of the Bride rest from their labour, while blending their sweet notes with the militant Church, down yonder. The Bride is one and undivided ; there is but one upon earth, in union with the redeemed up here. Wolves have entered yonder fold, from whence you have come, and scattered the flock—the beloved flock of the Good Shepherd. Yet His *own* will hear His voice, in the wilderness, and will return, one by one, to be embraced in His loving arms, and to swell the sweet cadences of the harmony of love. Humility and unquestioning obedience to that Church, by the Good Shepherd *Himself* established in your wilderness below, is the only covert from the storm, the only refuge for the weary, the only repose for the obedient, the only joy for the saints below ; and also the only channel through which divine love sustains the true soldiers, in the battle-field of strife. Return : He has called thee, He loves thee well ; *He* wills not empty formalities, which the pride of man would substitute for obedience, the practice of which is the *only* way by which love is manifested, and faith exercised." The winged one disappeared, as he opened his eyes and found himself in his study, long after his brother Priest had returned home after even-song, wondering what had caused his absence.

The two Priests were engaged that night in deep and profound conversation till long past midnight. It needed no stretch of the imagination to conjecture the subject of their controversy. For many days their little oratory was to be seen lighted up, while one or other of the two Priests wrestled in prayer for the light which gleams alone from Heaven, in reply to the earnest searchers after truth. Thus weeks passed away, as each became more and more

haggard, and a marked change, with an apparent despondency, was noticed by the parishioners, who commented among themselves, little knowing the real cause.

The following Sunday night, our Priest was unusually late in his private oratory. Much wrestling had been going on in prayer intense, not often to be witnessed, even by the guardian angels. At last exhausted nature overpowered the will, even in front of the crucifix, and a voice seemed to exclaim, in tones most clear : "Know ye not that the universe is Mine, and the cattle upon ten thousand hills ? I need no gift from man, beyond his own free will—his love. This I have *permitted* man to give or to withhold, while I stretch forth My love, to wean him from momentary things, to partake of joy eternal. You have been sent by the wolves who have scattered My flock, who would not suffer My reign, and hence My graces flow not through the *imitation* channels which they have set up, while defying My will. Mistake not : My *justice* tallies with My mercy. Build not on the one, forgetting the other. Those only transmit the inward grace, to whom I have committed authority, and none others. My vicar on earth is your living head, from whom, and in union with whom alone, authority can descend." The voice ceased, and he rose from his knees, retiring to bed.

"Woe unto those through whom divisions arise." Oh ! thou monster, schism ! To what agonies of soul hast thou not subjected the sons of men, in thy ruthless marring of the Bride, all comely within, whose vesture is of wrought gold ! These eternity alone can repay, as the ever-rushing tides are flowing onwards, with each successive generation, until time shall be swallowed up in eternity. "Yet," saith the Mighty One, "My beloved shall not be destroyed—her sons shall not be bastards. I have loved her with an everlasting love. She hath put on her glorious apparel, and shall reign [with Me for ever." "Show me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou liest in the mid-day, lest I begin to wander after the flocks of thy companions."

In his sleep, that night, our Priest was again the subject of visions from the unseen world. He had not long slept, when an angel appeared and beckoned him to follow in silence. For a long distance he appeared to glide in total darkness, with no ray of light save the angel-form to guide. With precipitate haste he seemed

to glide on for thousands of miles, when the angel paused, and in sorrowful accents said : " From whom didst thou derive authority to feed the children of God, with sacramental grace ? Knowest thou not that such grace comes from God, and can only be conveyed through His *own* appointed channels ? His beloved upon earth, thou hast repelled as unclean ; yet darest to presume the disobedience of man, to be more pleasing in His sight. Those who thus disfigure the beauty of His beloved, in yonder wilderness shall be consumed as chaff in the eternal flames. The majesty of Heaven, needs not man to improve what He has made perfect. Hear the Church, as He has told thee, and yield thyself an obedient child. No graces flow through the *empty* courses of His adversaries, for whom thou hast been contending so long, losing grace, and His surpassing love, by thy rebellion to His Spouse, His own beloved."

A glimmering light in the distance attracted his attention, as onwards they sped in silence, as it seemed in his dream, for thousands of miles, when, hearing peals of thunder, ten thousand times more dreadful than he had ever before heard, which seemed to follow without intermission ; the atmosphere, one mass of fire, in the distance, to him appeared like burning sulphur, as steadily they glided onwards and onwards, even into the fiery elements. He begged to stay, and go no further, yet the angel seemed to hear not, while he, unable to stop, silently followed without exertion. The angel at length stopped, and began to walk upon an iron bar, about six inches wide, which was spread for many miles across a terrible abyss of fire, in which the thunder-peals seemed concentrated, more fearfully dreadful than imagination could depict. He followed erect, without assistance, till in the centre, and then the angel paused, and, gazing upon him, pointed downwards, saying, " The abode of the damned," and, with these words ringing in his ears, the angel disappeared, leaving him standing there *alone* ! The dread horrors of a lost soul, then took possession of him—the endlessness of eternity, stood out in relief before him. Contemplating his own loneliness, with *no* angel near, the narrow brink upon which he was standing, and his utter ignorance as to how he came there, overwhelmed his soul in an agony of despair. Gazing downwards, it appeared to him like huge cylinders revolving, with

hideous demons, yelling in anguish and despair, passing through the intense furnace of fire without the power of being consumed, cursing vociferously as they caught the glaring eye of the horny monster, who seemed to exult in their pangs of intense agony, and their utter hopelessness of an escape, even after *millions* of years. While thus gazing on this sea of horror, one of the spirits beheld him in the distance and exclaimed : "I was once a wealthy vicar, and a county magistrate. I was esteemed by all around, and loved by many. I prided myself in my four curates, my manifold acts of charity, as I then thought, which were dictated by human pride, but am now damned, damned, *eternally* lost ! My *heart* was never His ;" as he pointed upwards, and with yells of agony and distorted visage, he plunged beneath into the unconsuming flames, as others passed onwards in succession. He trembled, indeed, then, as he stood upon the narrow bar, beyond the reach of the fire beneath him. He pleaded hard for his angel-guide, to direct him safely, but no *angel* appeared. Heavy sweat rested on his brow, as he dreaded precipitation into the abyss, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is unquenchable. But there he stood. While the perspiration came trickling down his face, another form addressed him thus : "See yonder lot of souls, eternally damned. I brought them here, and for that act am here consigned myself, for *all eternity*. I thought myself a Priest, yet doubted my own position, and, willing to remain as such, I taught them the ways of schism, and begged them, as they themselves began to doubt, not to forsake the Church in her state of trial, but to rally round her and to support her in the times of her affliction. But the waters of eternal life flow but from the one channel, appointed by the Eternal, which no man may divert." The horny monster's eye glared fire, as a messenger from him hurled the speaker into the most intense heat, from whence unearthly yells of anguish and despair were rising, enough to melt, if possible, to tears, the angels, did they behold the scene. He shuddered in agony of soul, and with many agonising tears implored his angel to return. He felt giddy, and feared to overbalance himself in his most dreadful position. No angel *responded*. He there remained alone in hopeless contemplation, when another spirit appeared, attracted by his wretchedness, and said : "Controversy springs not from

obedient children. It belongs not to the Church of Him" (pointing upwards); "it is a device of the horny monster, and belongs only to this dark abode of the damned. It brought me here. In the only true Militant Church controversy is unknown, in articles of faith. If thou wouldst never enter here, go and 'hear the Church,' the infallible trumpet of Jehovah." The horny monster, passing round, thrust the speaker into the burning elements with intense ferocity and with fearful oaths. Millions of souls were passing round in rapid succession, some proclaiming that the love of pleasure had brought them there; others that intemperance had consigned them to eternal fire; others that opportunities of grace had been resisted; and that by all the love of the Sacred Heart had been *despised*, and thus that hell was being filled. Smoke and sulphur began to rise, and, feeling suffocated himself, he fell from that bar, and found himself—awake, in bed!

After many earnest consultations, much prayer, and internal conflict, the two Priests waited upon their Bishop, and tendered to him their certificates of ordination, from whom they had received them years before; and also the resignation of their licences. His lordship's episcopal duties calling him to attend an early dinner party, prevented further remarks at the time; and the reverend gentlemen left the palace to be received, as laymen, into the Holy Catholic Church, which fact was duly announced in the next day's newspapers.

With a calm and happy spirit—a happiness hitherto unknown—our former Priest (now a layman) retired at a late hour to rest that night, ruminating over the dark waters through which his soul had so recently toiled, aided by that gentle Dove who never forsakes those whose hearts are stayed upon God. Exulting in rapturous thanksgiving, as the brand being thus snatched from the everlasting burning, the misty clouds fell like scales from before his vision, as the truth, in full relief, presented to his soul the halo of sacred glory never before realised; for such bright rays of eternal safety extend not to heretics.

Amazed at himself, at the dulness of perception which could have so long enthralled him in Ritualistic sophistry, retaining him so long in total darkness, and in antagonism to that for which he was professedly contending, he ejaculated a fervent petition, an

earnest and imploring prayer, that similar grace might be given to his former companions, yet groping in the dark, as he had done so long. Surely, he reflected, they all *know* that Barlow's consecration has never been proved; and Parker, though the first Protestant Bishop, did not stand even in as good a position as Barlow; inasmuch as that a document *might* be found proving the former's consecration, yet, in the case of Parker, the Protestant "rite" was used, and that "rite" had been *mutilated* for the purpose. In that case, Parker *could not* give *more* than he received—having a *bad* title only, he *could not* give a *good* one. In 1662 there was not a priest in England of whose orders there was any certainty. Even acknowledging the consecration of Barlow, at the very *best* he would have been a *schismatic*; while Parker, with a *mutilated* "rite," would be a nonentity. Ritualism, indeed, is altogether contrary to the teaching of the Church of England, since first she sprang up to delude unwary souls. They might as well endeavour to wash a negro white, as to try to make Ritualism Catholic, otherwise than by submission to the Church. Strange that they see not their resemblance to the Jews of more than 1800 years ago, who *would* not believe. How, like the young man called upon to "sell all" and follow Jesus, they also now turn away to retain a *false position*, which, like a tale that is told, will speedily pass away, when those who have sown to the wind, shall reap the whirlwind; and *what* a whirlwind of eternal destruction! Sacred Heart of Jesus! reveal to them Thy love! Holy Mary, pray for them!

With meditations like these he remained wakeful till early morn. At last, when life's restorer responded to nature by yielding sleep to one so happy, and yet *so anxious* for others, it was not long before, in dreamland, he was carried to the Judgment Throne, and there beheld the following scene:—

Resplendent with glory, the Great White Throne was brilliantly illuminated, too dazzling bright with lustrous majesty for mortal eye to gaze upon. Golden harps were tuned around as the Cherubim and Seraphim, innumerable hosts of guardian angels, and millions of the celestial choir, gathered round the countless multitudes then suddenly summoned by the archangel's trumpet. At that instant, upon the Throne appeared One whose glory so

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surpassed all conception, that vision failed to behold aught but the prints of the nails in the hands of the King of Heaven, and the brilliant marks of the crown of thorns. The scroll was then unrolled in which were written the deeds of each one who successively appeared, speechless, before the Throne, with their guardian angel on their right hand, bearing witness; while the horny monster lurked behind, upon the left side. Many a thousand were consigned to the talons of the horny monster, for one who receded with his guardian angel through the Everlasting Gates. Sorrowful, indeed, appeared those guardian spirits who retired without the object of their earthly solicitude; while those who conducted their loved ones to their final rest, smiled so benignly, with tender sweetness, as the golden harps tuned forth the joyful news of victory won. Within the gates of the Eternal City, these blended with the angel's adoration hymn of perpetual worship, and the whole hierarchy of Heaven. "Many are called, but few are chosen," recurred to his mind as he thus heard, ever and anon, "Depart from me, ye cursed," pronounced upon so many. At last he saw two (each of whom he recognised)—one in whose pulpit he had often preached, and whom he had regarded as a saintly man; the other, an evangelical, a poor, despised, and isolated "curate-in-charge," yet assiduous and earnest, unknown to the world, self-denying, and humble, seeking only what he conceived to be conducive to the glory of God. Anxiously did he, our layman, await *their* summons to the Throne. Though with inexpressible awe he beheld the scene, as angels veiled themselves beneath their wings, in the presence of the august majesty of Jehovah; yet, strange to say, terror entered not his soul; there was a depth of love, in which presumption could find *no* place. He inwardly felt that if the eternal torments of hell, in his own case, would bring glory to God, he could suffer whatever that Sacred Heart would consign him to, with resignation, if not with thankfulness. No sacrifices he had made, no sufferings he had himself endured, no work of love that he had rendered, ever crossed his memory. The Victim of Love on Calvary was his only refuge—the object of his soul's adoration; and on that Love his soul would feast.

The "saintly man," as he had been considered, was now conducted before that great and final Tribunal, whence there is no

appeal. Speechless, and with eyes cast down, his guardian angel, with melancholy aspect, bore testimony to internal struggling, to grace rejected, self-confidence indulged, complacency and self-satisfaction in the admiration of men, building upon his own *works*. *Doubting* his own position, yet rejecting light, which God will never *force* upon, nor *withhold* from, man when *earnestly sought after*. Hidden "pride" was conspicuous in the testimony borne. The angel paused, the hierarchy of Heaven were motionless, the harps were mute; every eye was fixed upon the one, as the guardian spirit had withdrawn to conduct the other. Heaven was still, and angels sorrowful. The horny one alone, who stood behind, was exulting, muttering to himself, "Thou art mine;" when the great "I AM," with upraised hand, and penetrating gaze, which none dared behold, exclaimed "Depart from Me, ye cursed. I know you not. Behold the traces of My despised love! I *yearned* for your love, yea, I sought, I *craved* it, from you in return. Building upon My mercy, you have ignored My justice. Carried away by the applause of men, the spirit of humility and obedience have been alien to your life. Your every thought, every pulsation of your heart, have been registered by Me. I have striven by love to bring you into My Fold, but you have chosen a way of your own seeking, thus leading astray souls whom I had purchased with My Life—redeemed with My Blood. My beloved in whom My Soul delighted, My Spouse, whom I left to guide you in the wilderness of life, you would not hear—nay, more, you marred her comeliness, you scandalised her purity, you polluted the beauty of her reputation, you ignored her claim to your obedience, and substituted a harlot in her stead. Thou hast been weighed in the balance, and found wanting." In an instant the horny monster grasped his victim, and disappeared.

Standing before the Throne appeared now the other soul, with guardian angel on the right, and the horny one, as before, though trembling and uneasy, on the left. From the scroll were read deeds of devoted love, actions of real self-denial, many secret deeds of love to the poor, in whom Christ had been recognised; and the "cup of cold water" had even been chronicled. The testimony, too, of the guardian angel, showed the struggles for truth which real ignorance, and all his surroundings, had tended

to obscure, as manifesting sincerity of purpose, with simple aim, and fervent desire. The daily record was scrutinised, the very thoughts upon the scroll appeared in bold relief, and the retrospective view traced every action to faith, centred in love. The "I AM" recognised the reciprocating love in the wandering sheep, who knew not the Fold. Beneficent glory hovered over that soul, as the voice of Love pronounced, "Blessed soul! saved, *yet so as by fire*. Justice demands the purifying furnace. A crown of glory is laid up for thee in the kingdom of heaven." The golden harps struck up the Hallelujah Chorus, as the guardian angel conducted that soul to *Purgatory*; and the reverberating echo of the celestial choir, captivated the angelic host in rapturous rejoicing at the victory won by the sheep which *was* lost, and now restored in triumph. As louder the strains of heavenly music swelled melodiously around the eternal Throne, he suddenly awoke.

Meditating upon his dream, he again fell into a gentle sleep, when before his vision, but silently, without music, appeared once more the Throne, the attendant spirits, good and bad, and again was opened the book. He waited in suspense to see who was coming now for judgment. As he watched, behold—while many bright angels exchanged looks of congratulating joy—was ushered before the Throne a certain poor, old, lame, deformed beggar, whom he at once recognised as having but lately stood at a certain spot, silently waiting for such alms as it pleased those who might pass to bestow.

As the judgment proceeded, he found that this poor pitiable object—having been born of Catholic parents, and piously brought up—had, from his earliest years, been dear to God, and to the angels of those all but innumerable souls, on whom his consistent, persevering good conduct in following up the Church's teaching, had had the effect of aiding, encouraging, awakening, or cheering in their path through this vale of tears. And thus doing simply, in his low sphere and humble way, his duty, and bearing with *love* his crosses (spending, in saying his Rosary, the time and speech usually given to murmuring or to wantonness), he had laid up, even unconsciously, such a store of good works, pleasing in the sight of the Great "I AM," that—not to darkness, nor to *Purgatory*—but to the dear Sacred Heart of his God he was re-

ceived, amid a blending of soft, sweet, thrilling, delicious sounds, indescribable by such poor instruments as words.

By the sound of his own voice, our layman awoke, exclaiming aloud, "*Deposuit potentes de sede ; et exaltavit humiles. Gloria tibi, Domine.*"

There is a sort of unknown, longed-for, but unrecognised, union of soul between the Ritualists and their "gone over" brethren, though they themselves, perhaps, know it not—a certain innate undefined conviction of truth ; but the "sell all," and the "follow Me," constitute a terrific gulf. Yet, as souls become mellow with the ripeness of Divine faith, the plunge is made, and souls are rescued. A rich vicar, whose sands are well nigh run, a man of great learning, a recognised authority of high reputation, to become a penniless, despised, and obscure layman, would, indeed, be "selling all ;" far more so than the mock-martyr's imprisonment for Ritualism, where the martyr's crown consists *only* in the praises of men, while his loss is *infinite*. Finding themselves in a certain position, with deeper devotion than their training could have developed, they grasp the *Catholic verity* that once in *the faith*, to question the same, would be mortal sin. Hence the difficulty with such is to convince them that they have *never been in the faith*, to question which *would* be apostacy. A born Catholic may not understand this state of mind, neither can an undevo-tional man of the world, but to converts it must be clear.

Having found the object of their soul's desire, they never regretted the sacrifices they had been called upon to endure in manifesting their *love of the Sacred Heart*, which had so lovingly snatched them, as brands, from the everlasting fire. They never sought the Priesthood. Their humility made them feel themselves unworthy that sacred office ; and, therefore, struggling to "redeem the time," they occupied themselves in private acts of devoted love to that Sacred Heart, Who had called them from darkness to light. Their secret deeds of charity were numerous and unknown ; as in each act they recognised their dear Lord's hunger and thirst after souls ; and their incessant pleadings for those in Purgatory, redounded with blessings on themselves, making their hearts mellow, with a beautiful ripeness, for meeting the coming of their Lord in the clouds of heaven. *Deo gratias.*

The reason of the intense antipathy manifested towards the Catholic religion in this country, is the utter want of faith which exists, more or less, in every grade of society—A yearning of mere sentimentality, a feeling, an undefined imagination of security as to the future (which in reality does not exist), is the prevailing element. There is nothing in which men (as a whole) take *less* interest, than in the concerns of the eternal destiny of their souls. In worldly affairs, their speculations, their caution, their accounts by single and double entry, all speak of scrutinising care and watchfulness in balancing the *pro's* and *con.'s* in things temporal. Yet where is seen regard for the one thing needful—the sole object for which they were born? How few balance the accounts of the soul—that whose existence is to be eternal! Man finds himself born, perhaps, in a Protestant land, in one of the numerous sects. He rests satisfied there. He never *troubles his head* whether that is his right place. He takes it for granted, and, though endowed with responsible faculties, he heeds not investigation, in his eagerness to grasp the things of time, as though he were to live here for ever! Thus he makes a terrible reckoning-day for the final judgment! Those who realise the existence of a God—the reality of the approaching day for the final balancing the accounts of the soul before her Maker—the fearful position of a lost soul, irretrievably lost for the endless ages of a never-ending eternity; and those, too, who by faith (centred deeply in the Sacred Heart) have been permitted, as it were, a glimpse into the “unseen,” and whose rapturous joy has enabled them to abandon the things of time, lavishing their all upon the Altar-thrones of their God—have alike each been styled by worldlings, weak, foolish, and deluded people. But so it is: the weak things of the world have been used by God to confound the great and mighty. Which, I need not ask, will be able to stand in that day of confusion, when the trumpet shall proclaim the dawn of the reckoning-day, *f*or the accounts of the soul to be for ever balanced? Happy those who have sought and found “the faith of our fathers” in their probationary state, heeding not the perishable butterflies of time, which pass like shadows before the vision of man. That such a day will come is acknowledged by most, yet realised with faith by *very few*. Thus we find nothing more grudgingly given than the expenses of the

temples of God. Niggardly indeed is the manner in which this world's corresponding wealth is extracted for the services of the sanctuary from the generality of mankind. It is true that some in the hour of death, have left lavishly their goods when to themselves, worldly riches were of no further use, as though they thought an incorruptible crown were to be purchased by perishable gold and silver. How many a poor priest has been left to eke out an existence on a mere nothing, while his offertories and seat rents (grudgingly given, and often withheld) hardly meet the altar expenses, gas bills, and needful officials' salaries, while *these* have been living in affluence! Yet surely the day will come when the tables shall be reversed, and those who have been laying up treasure in heaven shall reap the reward of which neither rust, nor moth, nor thieves shall be able to deprive them. May such, dear reader, be your position.

The most sceptical, if he would but *reflect*, could not fail to perceive the logical claims of the Catholic Church to his submission. Holy Scripture tells us of a Church established by Jesus Christ, upon the sure and sound basis of His own infallible word, to endure till the end of time, and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. Where is this Church? Time has not passed away, hence this Church still exists as sure and as firm as ever. In worldly speculations men are *shrewd enough* in discerning counterfeits—*why* this lethargy in a cause so far more weighty? Simply because the kingdoms do not run in parallel lines, but are antagonistic the one to the other. Let man but divest himself of worldly affairs, and let him, with the same zeal which he had hitherto devoted to these objects, seek for the kingdom of God, established by Jesus Christ, and he would surely find that it was not smothered by Protestant unbelief, nor extinguished by the babel of tongues; but shining now *as clearly*, and teaching *as authoritatively*, as when He first committed to her the power of teaching and ruling upon earth. In *that* day men will remember the warning voice they *now* so little heed (St. Matt. v. 25). But who can return from the "prison-house" to *repair* neglected work? Who? And, if one could, how would he act? Let us so act *now*!

## A PROTESTANT BISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO CATHOLICISM.

"Bishop Foster, of Boston, recently gave utterance to the following brave remarks concerning the Catholic Church:—'I have a great deal of respect for Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic Church, and the feeling becomes stronger as I grow older. I do not think we can afford to criticise Catholics until we display at least equal zeal in the service of the Master. Who are they whose feet go clattering by our houses these cold winter mornings before daylight? Who are they who fill their churches to worship God while we are in our beds? Who throng our streets, Prayer-book in hand, with reverent faces, aye, and, perhaps, with as reverent hearts as any of you bear? They are zealous, faithful Catholics, who believe in the truth of their Church, and feel that through it alone they can worship the God whom they fear and love. To what Church do those self-sacrificing communities belong that toil from morning until night for the good of God's people? Who are these who come here from foreign lands, poor and strange, with nothing but a spade, and have erected temples of worship that put us to shame? Isn't the poor servant girl, who lays a tithe of her earnings on the altar of God, sincere in her belief, and will she not find favour in God's eyes? There was a paragraph in the *Christian Advocate* the other day which made me blush when I read it. It stated that in New York city the Catholics have church property to the value of more than eleven millions of dollars, a greater sum than the value of all other church property, except that owned by the Episcopal Church. These are the people who fill their churches three or four times every Sunday with different congregations. These are the people who, sixty years ago, had but three churches in New York, and are now filling all our Protestant cities and towns. What right have we to complain that this is so? Why should we abuse them because their churches crown the noblest eminences in the land? Let us possess ourselves of those virtues and qualities which they have in a stronger degree than we, and those added to what we already possess will put us in a position where we may have a right to criticise their actions.'"—*Weekly Register*, March 2, 1878.

Why not, then, submit to the only Church by Jesus Christ established? Why remain in a howling wilderness of schismatic discord and contention, where unction can never be found? To what Church would this Bishop have belonged had he lived in the eighth or ninth century? If to the only Catholic Church, then either he must acknowledge himself a schismatic, or else declare that the gates of hell *have* prevailed against that which our Blessed Lord promised they *never* should. Faith would at once recognise the Catholic Church of the nineteenth century to be the very same as that of every preceding century. Times, histories, and schisms change, but the promises of God can never change, nor ever have changed.

In Statute 37 Henry VIII., c. 17, it is declared that the King's Majesty "hath full power to correct, punish, and repress all manner of heresies, &c., growing within the Church of England, and to exercise all other manner of jurisdictions commonly called ecclesiastical jurisdictions," and that "the archbishops and other ecclesiastical persons have no manner of jurisdiction ecclesiastical, but by, under, and from the Royal Majesty," and that to the King's Majesty only "by Holy Scripture all authority and power is wholly given to determine all manner causes ecclesiastical." This statute has not been repealed.

Catholics *correctly* assert that Anglicans are heretics, and, as such, have *no altars*; hence the latter's charge against the former, of rearing altar *against* altar, is perfectly absurd; the more so, as even Anglicans admit the Roman to be "*a branch*" of the true Church, which Catholics do *not* admit concerning *them*. We see in the distance many similar events, to the one recently chronicled from St. Bartholomew's, Brighton. The rays of the horizon of light are expanding!

Most Protestants are bigoted in their religious convictions, *without* research, only because they find themselves so brought up. The idea of *seeking* for *God's* Church has never entered their heads. Thus, like the Jews, crying out for the release of Barabbas, instead of Jesus, they cling to a harlot, and cry out against His Spouse. Like Saul, in ignorance persecuting the Church, they ought also, like him, to become Pauls in conversion, as the light dawns upon each.



As the road to Heaven is *very narrow*, and full of pit-falls, *though of importance beyond expression*, I would crave a corner in the prayers of each reader, that the graces of zealous labour and *final perseverance* may be vouchsafed to the Author, with the joy at last of having helped to rescue some one soul. Paul may plant, Apollos water, but *God alone* giveth the increase. Is it selfish to ask this? To the worldly it may appear imbecile; but what greater *boon* could I ask, when in Purgatory—debarred the power of prayer—than the prayers of the faithful, for one so helpless?

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“Faith of our fathers! living still,  
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;  
 Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy  
 Whene’er we hear that glorious word!  
 Faith of our fathers! holy Faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! Mary’s prayers  
 Shall win our country back to thee,  
 And through the truth that comes from God,  
 Oh, then indeed shall we be free.  
 Faith of our fathers! holy Faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death.”

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“Oh, wicked world! we know thee well,  
 Thy works and maxims lead to hell;  
 We were thy slaves, but now are free,  
 We serve the Holy Family.  
 Living, we will say  
 Joyfully each day,  
 All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
 Dying, we will cry  
 Till our latest sigh,  
 All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Ad Maiorem dei Gloriam.*

“HOLY CHURCH THE CENTRE OF UNITY; OR RITUALISM COMPARED WITH CATHOLICISM.” R. Washbourne, Pater-noster Row.

Lay Catholics, by lending a copy to their Protestant friends, might get the above *read*, and so (*through the grace of God*) promote the end desired. For this purpose the Author would supply 100 copies for 25s. (carriage free) direct from 1, Somerset Terrace, Bath Bridge, Bristol. The attempt thus to compete with subtle and ever active Protestant energy, so diligent in disseminating error, is worthy the notice of all zealous Catholics, who desire not to lie idle in the battle-field of life. To make truth known and recognised, is certainly not only the privilege, but the duty, of all who have Protestant friends (and which of us has not ?) drifting about in the flood of unbelievers.

In political affairs men are shrewd enough in discerning what tends to their party interest, as also in grasping every feasible policy for the accumulation of wealth and temporal happiness. Shall we, then, who have, by Divine grace, found the “pearl of great price,” be *less* active in disseminating to others the knowledge which we ourselves possess ? Is it the spirit of a Catholic to lie still, like “the dog in the manger,” caring only for his or her own individual salvation ? Ah, no ! The zealous Catholic, in union with the Sacred Heart, loves *souls* whose redemption has cost so bitter a price. Such cannot live for themselves alone. They have realised, that those “who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever,” and long for this recompense in their own regard, as also to make a *return* of love.

It is to the Catholic *impossible* truly to love God, and yet care nothing for the souls whom, though He has endowed them with a *free will*, yet He *longs* to save.

It is hard to imagine a Catholic in England without *some* Protestant relative or acquaintance ; and when we remember how the guides of these poor deluded people strenuously FORBID their reading such literature as "Ritualism compared with Catholicism," &c., is it not merely acting the part of the good Samaritan, to lend to such this *key-note* to inquiry, to remove the misty scales from before their vision, and to expose the satanic darkness of the fulsome "Reformation?"

These pages have been presented with a view to *assist* Protestant research, and to *remove* prejudice—which is Satan's STRONGHOLD ; and not as "an angel from Heaven" to present anything *new* ; for Catholic truth is as old as the Church of God. *Had* anything new been here introduced, it would have condemned the whole as of heretical origin.

If only *one* Catholic out of every hundred possessed a copy, and so passed it from one to another of their Protestant acquaintances, *many* an inquirer might be brought into the Fold ; and many others become awakened and alarmed at their *real* position. When, therefore, the cost is so trifling, would it not be a charity for congregations to unite in securing 100 copies, and so to enable the Author to produce other publications by different authors ? There are thousands who would hail, with joy, the boon when once brought home to their hearts, and understanding, *in opposition to* the atheistical effects of School-Board Education. Thus, long after we ourselves should have returned to dust, the seed so "cast upon the waters" would be springing up into the "mustard-tree." Such an organisation might fitly be styled, "St. Joseph's Converting Guild," or "St. Joseph's Invitation to Bethlehem."

As in the economy of our Blessed Lord, it has pleased Him to use instruments, however weak and unworthy in themselves, to carry out His Divine will, we must admit that the act of praying alone, for the conversion of heretics and sinners, is not in itself sufficient, *unless* we resort with energy and zeal to use the means within our power. The one *without* the other (according to the opportunities we possess) would savour of presumption, and would therefore signally fail in fulfilling His will, and in securing the co-operation of the Holy Spirit.

With the various authors' kind permission, it would be suggested

to procure successively, once a year, cheap editions for this purpose, to follow in succession, such works as "Is Ritualism Honest?" by Father Anderdon; Father Harper on "Infallibility;" "Shall we seek Reconciliation with the Roman Pontiff?" Pye's "Religion of Common Sense," and other such-like works as might be selected by the Priest who directed the Guild.

From such an humble beginning, the members subscribing only threepence a year (for which they would receive one book), in course of time the now infant Guild might be enabled to collect a Theological Library of more elaborate and expensive works for lending to educated inquirers after Truth.

Remembering the current of infidelity against which we have to contend, the innumerable sophisms of sceptics, and the torrents of inventions of unbelievers for obscuring light, nothing but steady, continual exertions to familiarise the minds of men with the true teaching and authority of the Church can be hoped to be effective.

Such a Guild, thoroughly organised and energetically worked, would go a great way in reducing the harrowing labours of the Clergy, while ever increasing the number of converts. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few" (St. Luke x. 2).

Seeing weekly most pathetic appeals for needful aid in sundry holy causes, I would merely ask, Can anyone refuse *three pence a year* to rescue a soul? Amongst the many who would thus circulate truth in the name and cause of the Sacred Heart, surely one soul (however unknown to ourselves) must become enlightened. And when we find that the Protestant Press REFUSES to review any such works, there remains but this one course for Catholics to pursue if they would "*Compel them to come in, that My House may be full.*"

Though it has been asserted that we have sundry periodicals already established for a somewhat similar purpose—such as the magazines, "The Messenger," &c., I would simply observe—(1) that though these are both interesting and instructive, they are not exclusively confined to the one object; (2) that thousands might be willing to give *threepence a year* who could not afford sixpence a month for that which would be beside the mark. Is it *not* strange, that while the English boast of their love of justice

and fair play, yet that they refuse, in their Press, to review Catholic works? From the time of Nero, aye, from the time of our dear Lord Himself, to the present moment, the world has been seeking to obscure light, and to extinguish the holy candle. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, be converted to the Lord thy God!"

It is forcibly suggested to the mind, that the want of some such system as the above is the reason why the many valuable publications which have from time to time appeared, have, as yet, produced so little result; inasmuch as, that *for themselves*, Protestants naturally will not purchase Catholic works.

The system requires to be pressed by *lay Catholics* individually among their *Protestant* acquaintances. And if by these it be found (as it doubtless, at first, would be) to be difficult, up-hill, work, *still* let us persevere, even though we should do so amid disappointment, pain, and humiliation, as our Divine and adorable Leader went up the hill of Calvary for those of whom He had said: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye *would not*."

Every setting sun reminds us of that Judgment, so steadily coming nearer each day, when each one of us must render account of the use to which our "talents," whether one or ten, have been turned. Here is the "one talent," shall *it* be laid up in a napkin? (Ephes. v. 16). In the wars of this world, how keenly alive are combatants to the tactics of strategy, the erection of earthworks, and the services of spies. Shall the "Christian soldiers" alone be inactive, whose *noble cause* is that of the *King of kings*? This system would reach those who else would ever remain beyond the preacher's grasp. Lay Catholics but little know what a power is theirs, if they would but use it! And what consolation on the bed of death would it bring to them to have helped even one.

Oh, *need we plead with converts* in *SUCH* a cause? You who realise, more and more the longer you live, at once the vitality and divinity of the Catholic Church, and the thick clouds of obscurity, the terrifying, though groundless fears, and countless other artifices of the wicked one and his ministering servants, by which those dear souls (among whom *you* yourselves formerly groped) yet in the chrysalis shell, are even now shut up in dark-

ness and obscurity; ever beating about the "net," yet deterred from entering that "ark" of safety, by the *blind* guides whom they *blindly* follow;—if *you* have no sympathy—no care for these, your former companions in darkness—oh, think of that dreadful day of doom—how shall *we* meet it?—we who *know* the difficulties of those outside the pale of the Church (which born Catholics cannot even imagine) if we have, by our *inaction*, said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" (Also Rev. iii. 16.)

*Pressed by the earnest desire to assist my brethren yet in the enemies' land, I have (at the risk of being suspected of seeking some pecuniary benefit to myself) urged this matter on your consideration. I will only add, I neither expect or seek any temporal advantage in so doing. I shall never recover what I have laid out in money, to say nothing of the time, thought, and trouble devoted to it, when I might have been taking my ease, and have expended nothing.*

There has lately been published nearly 100,000 copies of an epistle steeped in error, replete with falsehood, and glaringly pregnant with sophism. This salient scorpion of Protestant birth shall remain unnamed, lest curiosity should lead to a wider circulation of such a pest-plague of infidelity. Yet *here* is energy and zeal (worthy of a noble cause) exercised in a cause worse than that of heathen darkness, under the garb of religion. Shall we alone remain inactive while wolves devour the flock? Will no one help in the, at present, thankless struggle, to compete for truth with equal zeal? Every convert thus brought back to the Fold would go forth with inspired zeal, seeking also recruits—and seeking not in vain. Oh, if but each adult would take this *little* trouble, asking Blessed Mary's intercession, in union with the Sacred Heart, what a glorious harvest might not be gathered into the Heavenly garner!

## REVIEWS.

The *Weekly Register*, 20th Oct., 1877, in commenting on this pamphlet, says :—

“ It is manifest that a convert cannot reason on equal terms with an Anglican who objects to his conversion, because the very first postulate of the Catholic mind is that a living authority must teach him. The High Churchman admits no authority upon doctrine which has not been dead for much more than a thousand years; and the Low Churchman admits no authority upon doctrine save his private interpretation of the Scriptures. When, therefore, the convert insists on a living voice, as distinct from the dumbness of a thousand years, the High Churchman takes refuge in an appeal to a dead Church of which he is himself sole interpreter. And, in the same way, the Low Churchman takes refuge in an appeal to his own personal interpretation of the Scriptures, which, having been written for nearly two thousand years, have had two thousand senses put upon them. The author of the pamphlet to which we have alluded has very happily demonstrated these fallacies. He shows us, by the very variety of his arguments, how innumerable and conflicting have been the ‘objections’ which his friends have opposed to his ‘reasons’! We seem to see him surrounded by a host of familiars, each of whom has a Church of his own, a modelled and an ideal religion. Every friend has a strong point to urge, a crushing defeat of a position; but not one friend has hazarded an answer to the question, ‘Whom is there upon earth that you obey?’ *That* is the great gulf in controversy. A dozen Anglicans will take a dozen different ‘views’ of one and all Catholic doctrines; but no Anglican can evade the humiliating admission, ‘I am my own Catholic Church.’ In the pamphlet we refer to there are *sufficient wise suggestions to guide any Anglican to the truth*. No Catholic, in the course of sixty pages, can summarise Catholic reasoning; he can do no more than intimate the obvious, sound wisdom of deferring private judgment to the Church. As we said at the beginning, the differences of attitude in which different Christians compose themselves—some worshipping a syllogism, some relying on history, some craving for devotional life—cause each separate reasoner to approach this great subject from different, perhaps opposite, points of view. Yet there is no one aspect of the Catholic religion—certainly not so much as even one—which must not commend itself to every rational Anglican as superior to its counterpart in his own system. From even this point of view there is conviction. But it is not the different aspects, different doctrines, different devotions, which

ought chiefly to engage the attention. As our author expresses it, 'The great thing needed is Divine faith ; and this is never found by arguing or reading.' And again he says : 'Get this' (Divine faith) 'and then search whether JESUS CHRIST did establish a visible Church. If so, which is it?' That is, in truth, the whole question. Such excellent clergymen as Archdeacon DENISON, or Canon FARRAR, could not possibly pass their lives in incessant wrangling, if they would ask themselves simply *which is it?* Unhappily the habit of living in controversy obscures the sense of the fallacy of doing so. Controversy is error. That Anglicans should be always controverting all Christian doctrines, prove to demonstration that they are heretics. Yet this habit becomes a mental disease, which shuts out the wisdom of obedience. 'Once in the Church,' says our author, 'all difficulties cease, because faith believes without sight ; since God, through His Church, declares what the faithful must believe.' But since all Anglicans are occupied in teaching their Church—which they are bound to do, as their Church cannot teach them—they are unable to realise the exactly contrary position of being taught by the Church what is truth. 'Can a man, by searching, find out God?' Yet the wisdom of the Church is the wisdom of God, and to obey it, without questioning, is our wisdom. One consideration, in conclusion, may be briefly insisted on, which is the necessarily human character of Anglicanism : a character which could not be in any degree obliterated by the future disestablishment of 'the Church.' The origin of the religion having been purely political, and its history political and social, it follows that its future can never be divested of the character which is inherently its own. On this point we will again quote our author, who thus comments on the State-Church religion :—'The endeavour to amalgamate CHRIST's kingdom with the kingdoms of the world is utterly futile ; and any attempt to that end must be fraught with distress and failure. While the one is ever ready to embrace poor souls who will seek refuge in her bosom, the other is impotent in subduing her dominion. The kingdoms are antagonistic to each other. The world cannot understand the spiritual kingdom ; and, therefore, they can no more be amalgamated than the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots, or darkness and noontide-light exist in company !' This is true as to theory ; and it is true in the examples of three centuries. No amount of disestablishment or disendowment, and no invention of purely National Convocation can possibly alter the character of a communion which was founded by HENRY THE EIGHTH's daughter."

"One who, after fifty years spent in Anglicanism, and after more than twenty years of combat with doubts and misgivings.

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finds himself at last, by God's grace, a Catholic, is naturally prompted to send a cry of warning and entreaty to those whom he has left behind. God deals differently with different souls; and it may well be that Mr. Shaw, with his recent experience, is able, in this earnest pamphlet, to offer to some of his Anglican brethren, now going through the ordeal which he himself has gone through, consolation and enlightenment which they might seek in vain in any of the more elaborate works of controversy written of late years by so many of the learned and devoted men who, at the cheap cost, often, of the sacrifice of nearly every earthly good, have embraced the Catholic faith."—*The Irish Monthly*.

"We have here a shilling pamphlet, which we can honestly recommend. It is taken up with a comparison between Ritualism and Catholicism, and incidentally the reader discovers the powerful reasons which justified the author in abandoning the Anglican faith. We do not set it down as necessary that a convert, however intelligent, is most capable of treating such a subject as this; but we certainly hold that a thinking man who has come out from the ranks of the Ritualists, as a result of his search after the truth, has some right to speak of what he leaves behind. He may be supposed to know its basis, drift, and spirit; to estimate its pretensions, and to be able to expose its feebleness. Mr. Shaw does not apparently write for the special behoof of Catholics, who do not need to be warned against Ritualists; indeed, the legitimate aim of his labour, must be to enlighten those whom he dissects, and condemns. Catholics, of course, must busy themselves in pushing the circulation amongst their Protestant acquaintances if the labour of the author is to be productive of abundant fruit; and while we commend the pamphlet as one well worthy of perusal by intelligent thinkers, we urge our readers to see that it shall not have been published for nothing."—*The Catholic Times*.

"Though there is nothing new in Mr. Shaw's arguments addressed to 'Ritualists,' to urge their submission to the Catholic Church, as the centre of unity, they cannot be stated too often for the benefit of our separated brethren, and in this pamphlet they are put *clearly* and *forcibly*. Anglicans are very fond of saying of converts that So-and-so left the Church of England precipitately, without due consideration, 'not having contemplated the step a week before,' as Mr. Lowder, in his recent volume, rashly asserts of some of his former fellow-clergy at St. George's Mission. This charge cannot be brought by them against the author of this pamphlet, for he was for nearly fifty years a member of the Church of England, and his misgivings with respect to her Catholicity were aroused as early as the year 1851."—*The Tablet*.

## APPENDIX.

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Now, good reader, the hour of death is coming to you, as well as to all others. What have you done to help souls heavenward? Shall you in *that* hour regret any labour done to promote the glory of God by the salvation of souls? Lay up for yourself treasures in heaven while the opportunity is yours! The sole object of this, and my former pamphlet, has been, and is, to help and to encourage other poor souls to drink from "the Living Fountain." In health and activity we are too apt to forget the hour of death, which is rapidly approaching each ONE of us. Oh, go not with a "starless crown" before the Eternal Throne! There is a work for YOU to do. It is not enough to read this, and to say, "Very pretty, very interesting, nicely done; how clearly and conclusively truth has been made plain"—should such be your opinion. This is not enough: for this purpose alone I would not have written a word. Nay, more, the very fact of your having read this will rise up in judgment *against* you if you use not the opportunity of personally endeavouring to enlighten others. Like all worldly warriors, ambitious of returning from the battle-field with trophies of victories won, so likewise ought your aim in life to be to return to God with trophies of victories won by the conversions YOU have been instrumental (in His hands) of bringing to the Great King. To do this—to lay up treasure in heaven—no beggar could grudge threepence a year! Circulate *this* amongst your Protestant acquaintances, by lending it successively from one to another; and induce others to do the same, that the harvest may indeed be plenteous.

Earnest Ritualists are like ripe corn, requiring only reaping and gathering in; therefore the "life-boat" of Catholic charity ought to be manned for their rescue. Remembering how every good work, at its first commencement, meets with coldness, and is often repulsed even in quarters where sympathy might have been hoped for—as Satan foresees the shattering of his foundations in the distance, and is never slow in showing opposition—I am determined, even if single-handed, to attempt the establishment of such a

feasible auxiliary to the missionary field, hoping that hereafter the work may be carried on by an organisation more able, and that time may witness its powerful operations.\* The noble society of "The Little Sisters of the Poor" was once ridiculed when commenced by two poor working girls; yet how their work has been crowned, every Catholic knows. Why, then, should not this, when *threepence* a year is all that is asked from earnest Catholics for the rescue of shipwrecked souls? The poorest may thus labour for the glory of God—the mechanic, the day labourer, and the servant-girl, may alike lend the little work to those with whom they associate, with a "Hail, Mary," for its result. Let such as are willing write to the author. Should but only "two or three" respond in uniting for this purpose, the promised "Presence" would be with them; and would they in "the dark valley" or in the day of Judgment *regret* to witness the glittering stars in the diadem of heaven awarded to those who had been instrumental in turning many to righteousness?

Those who have read Dr. Faber's Lectures must have been struck with the touching manner in which he shows how, (while men are eagerly bent upon worldly pursuits of every conceivable design) not one has opened an office for Jesus Christ! Let us, therefore, after this saintly monition, endeavour now to establish such an office, dedicated to the Holy Name, whose object shall be *The Conversion of England*. Adieu! Refuse not "*the cup of cold water*."

\* It may appear to some, from the apathy they experience, that the work is too tedious (perhaps not more than one in a whole congregation volunteering) to be worth the attempt; yet I would venture to suggest that if but *one* in every congregation responded, the work done would be *immense*. Let us not look for immediate results, but work in *faith*. There is risk, while endeavouring to convince the learned of this world, that we may shoot *beyond* the mark, by the use of elaborate works incomprehensible to those who "*would-be*" ready followers in the way of the Cross. The instruments used by our Heavenly Father are often the most uncomely in the sight of men, yet He knoweth His own, whom, in due time, He will exalt, when counting up His jewels.

**Will Catholics Lend a Copy to their Protestant Acquaintances?**









